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PICASSO AT SEVENTY-FIVE
By Clement Greenberg

CULPTURE OF DAVID SMITH
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ARTS

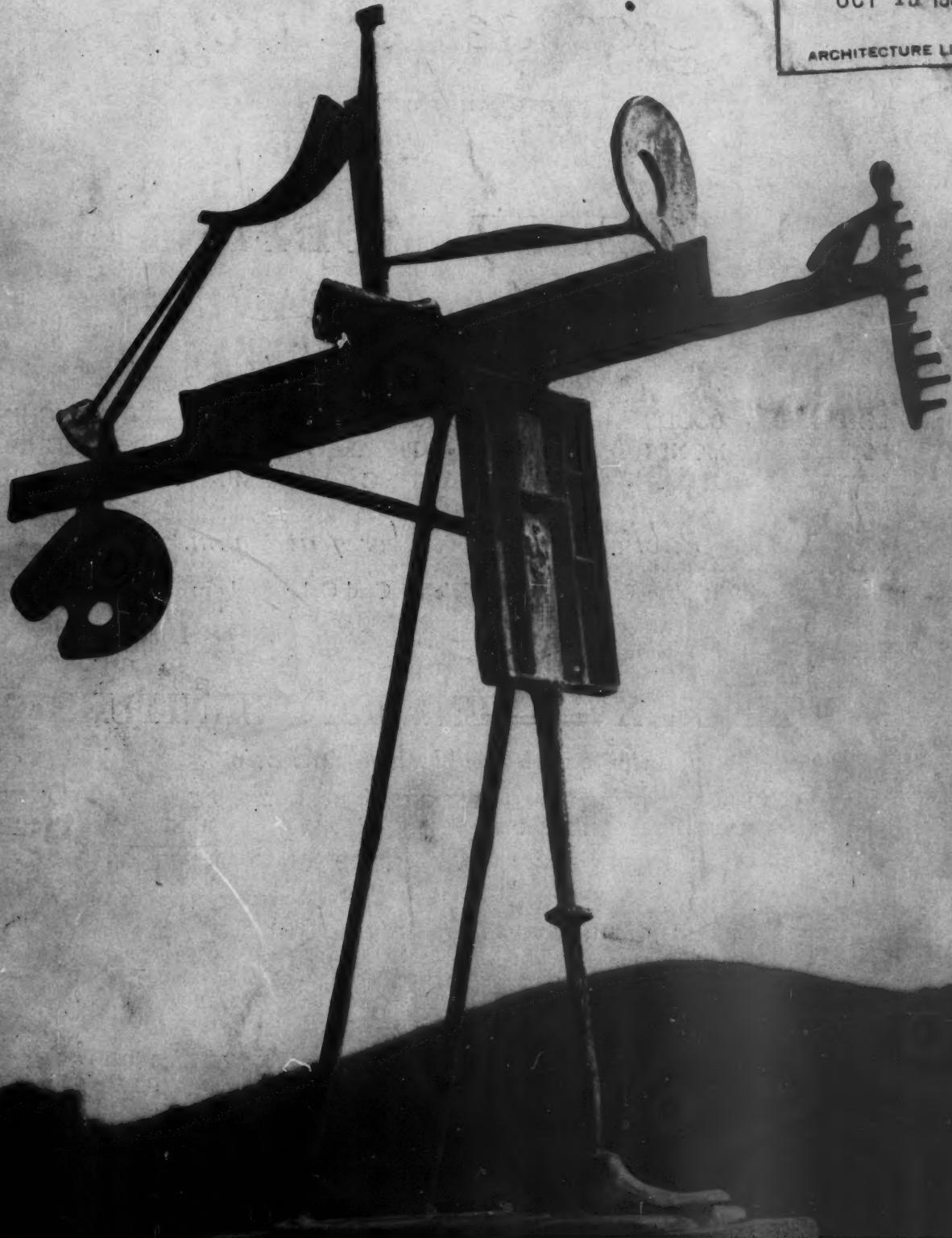
RALPH ALBERT BLAKELOCK
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Clement Greenberg's survey of Picasso's career is occasioned by the mammoth retrospective now en route from New York to Chicago. Mr. Greenberg is the author of books on Miró and Matisse as well as numerous articles in *Partisan Review*, *Commentary*, *The New Leader* and other periodicals.

Vernon Young turns his attention in this issue to the paintings of the tragic Ralph Albert Blakelock. A regular contributor to ARTS, Mr. Young is going abroad this month, to Copenhagen, Stockholm and other European cities, where he will report on art activities for our pages.

After last month's report on the Bassano exhibition in Venice, **Ulrich Weisstein** gives an account of the "Mostra di Affreschi Staccati" in Florence. A member of the faculty of Lehigh University, he is familiar to our regular readers for his reviews of significant new books.

The French scene is covered this month by **Edouard Roditi**, who has lived in Paris since 1946 and was closely associated with the French art colony in New York during the war.

Patrick Heron, ARTS's regular correspondent in London, is both painter and critic. His publications include *The Changing Forms of Art* (collected essays) and a recent volume on Braque.

Bernard Chaet, who conducts the monthly "Studio Talk," is assistant professor of painting in the School of Architecture and Design at Yale University. His paintings have appeared in one-man shows both in Boston and New York.

FORTHCOMING: Profiles of artists John von Wicht and Milton Avery by Dorothy Gees Seekler and Clement Greenberg respectively . . . special color features on the renowned Niarchos Collection to be exhibited at Knoedler's and on San Antonio's McNay Gallery . . . a definitive article by Anthony Kerrigan on Gaudí, the Spanish "architect of the fantastic" whose work will be shown at the Museum of Modern Art in December . . . a special section on Rembrandt's religious drawings with text by Alfred Werner . . . an unusual article on William Blake by Ulrich Weisstein . . .



ON THE COVER

PORTRAIT OF A LADY PAINTER (1957), by David Smith. This bronze, sixty-four inches in height, is one of thirty-four sculptures by Smith currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art. The sculptor's work is being featured in three New York exhibitions in October. For a survey of his achievement see "Month in Review," pages 48-51.

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LETTERS

MR. MORRIS PROTESTS

To the Editor:

The American Abstract Artists had anticipated that considerable annoyance might be generated by *The World of Abstract Art*. The demonstration staged by Sidney Geist in your September issue, however, went quite beyond the usual bounds—reminiscent indeed of what Geist calls “the heroic days of the AAA’s first exhibitions,” days when Geist himself was a member of the group in good standing (class of 1941ex).

Geist’s exasperation stems from two main sources: No. 1, that the AAA has degenerated into a contemptible rabble which should be immediately exterminated; No. 2, that it hasn’t come up with the kind of book Geist thinks it should have produced. For a reply to the first charge I prefer to await the judgments of posterity. The second can be answered right away, as Geist is happily explicit. We should have given him either a study of esthetic problems, as we did last time, or featured articles on individual Americans (whom he recommends). If Geist will exert a little patience we may easily do both of these things; and it is quite safe to prophesy that the results will arouse his venom even more deeply than *The World of Abstract Art*.

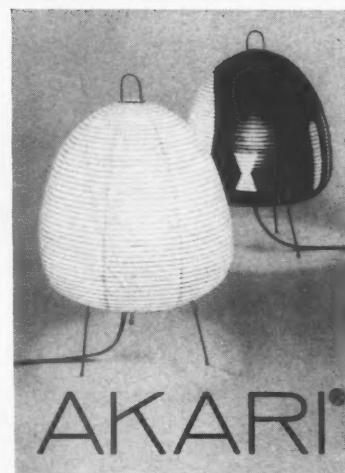
In the meantime the current volume has come in answer to a pressing need. So much irresponsible misinformation is being bandied about—by Geist among others—that the time calls for a report by artists on what they find in various parts of the world and conditions that led up to it. No one has claimed that the results are definitive, but each provides at least an authentic point of view. Geist finds all this an intolerable bore, and none should question his right to boredom. However, on-the-spot reporting can prove of inestimable value. Any attempt to gauge where we stand at the moment surely betokens the very antithesis to “failure of nerve.” It’s a job that only artists can accomplish, and a sympathetic publisher made it possible for us to do it.

Geist demands answers to certain specific questions: “Is there no native American who is a ‘noted pioneer’? Is no member of the AAA a pioneer? Are there no un-noted pioneers?” The answers: Yes, to all three. “Is there any intellectual daring in devoting articles to the already famous Europeans?” I see little sense to this one, as the book contains no such articles—unless one counts the brief Arp questionnaire as such. “Famous Europeans” do make occasional appearances; should they be excluded from surveys of the recent past? Furthermore, Geist’s own recommendations, while more nationalistic, are hardly more “intellectually daring.”

One important point does emerge from this fracas. I refer to Geist’s diatribe against Pillet’s *deepening and lengthening* versus *experiment and discovery*. I regret that I side with Geist on the argument; but that’s no reason to categorize an artist who thinks otherwise as symptomatic of European degeneracy. Some years ago T. S. Eliot sounded a warning—that it was a mistake to look upon great periods of art as necessarily dependent on continuous experiment and revolution. In fact, final fulfillment often comes long after discoveries have been accepted and digested. I don’t feel that abstract art will reach this stage for some time; but I find it deplorable when anyone who airs an opposite view must find himself insulted.

I can’t let Geist go, moreover, without a public chastisement for the highly personal tone of his steam-roller tactics. Whenever he disagrees with a statement he at once questions the writer’s integrity. This is disgraceful. The assault on me I shall refute very promptly. “No book like this can be edited by a group or committee,” and he proceeds to single me out as the culprit. If the proclamation is valid, then the AAA again has done the impossible; for all selections (and omissions) were decided in committee—sometimes even in open meetings (except of course those which individual authors provided to illustrate their texts). In many cases I myself was not in accord, but I feel the result has justified the democratic approach. Geist deplores the

continued on page 9



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LETTERS continued from page 7

literary incompetency of certain passages, and insists that the texts should have been overhauled. We don't play that way. (I did check spelling and punctuation, however; if errors came through, I plead guilty on this count.)

Geist's closing paragraph asks bluntly why the nine original members "stay with the ship." I can answer for myself: because in my opinion the AAA presents each year the most distinguished display of contemporary American art now available to the public. And this is really something, when one reflects on what is served up elsewhere. I might suggest that the Geists of twenty years hence may well categorize our current efforts as the true "heroic days" (while they are deprecating of course all that we undertake in 1977). To end up, he urges us all "to jump into the water where the rest of us are." Such invitations are not new to the AAA. In that halcyon era—when Geist's name was on our roster and the American Scene School rampant in the land—he must recall how critics and museum directors to a man assured us we were up a blind alley; what's more they urged us to get out fast. We next bumped up against the cajoling surge of Surrealism—that was really a tough one. Now we receive a new offer to jump in with Geist. Thank you—we can recognize the same old pool, even when it's filled from a different spigot.

George L. K. Morris
Lenox, Massachusetts

MR. GEIST REPLIES

No purpose can be served by my replying point by point to George L. K. Morris' letter that is not already served by my review of *The World of Abstract Art*. Readers of that review can observe without guidance from me the disparity between that review and Morris' description of it. But Morris' letter does raise some issues in the realm of the practice of criticism which it interests me to discuss.

Where Morris touches the matter of my review, he is, to his regret, in agreement with me. What, in the end, he objects to is my style, my tact, my forensic manner. He speaks of my "assault," "demonstration," "exasperation," "diatribe," "venom" and "steam-roller tactics," and at one point describes my method as "disgraceful." In a letter half as long as my review this vocabulary makes for a concentration of "venom" many times higher than that of which he accuses me. His own tact, not to say good faith, is in question: nowhere, for example, did I say or intimate (1) that the AAA has degenerated into a contemptible rabble which should be immediately exterminated or (2) that any artist whose opinions I was at variance with was "symptomatic of European degeneracy." The ordinarily gracious, liberal, kindly Morris here uses as in temperate a vocabulary on his friends as he does on me. But that's all right with me. I don't think criticism is a pussyfooting affair, and I don't believe in calling a spade a teaspoon. I do object to criticism being considered a one-way street with the traffic all going Morris' way.

From objecting to my manner it is an easy step to deny the validity of my (or anyone else's) criticism, while of course Morris indulges himself in a bit of criticism. In his second paragraph, in reply to one (unreal) charge of mine, he prefers to "await the judgments of posterity." By the time he reaches his last paragraph, he is suggesting that "the Geists of twenty years hence may well categorize our current efforts as the true 'heroic days' (while they are deprecating of course all that we undertake in 1977)." Morris wants his posterity both ways: he looks forward to its judgments while denying those of the present, and he mistrusts it in advance. The question is: is present criticism possible at all? I think it is. For myself I do not await the judgment of posterity on my review of *The World of Abstract Art* or of anything else. The judgment of posterity is for posterity. In the meantime we criticize, when we have to, each other; and this is the only criticism we shall ever know. In doing so we should speak our minds clearly and without fear, or even consideration, of posterity. That is the only way we can be of any use to each other.

Sidney Geist
New York City

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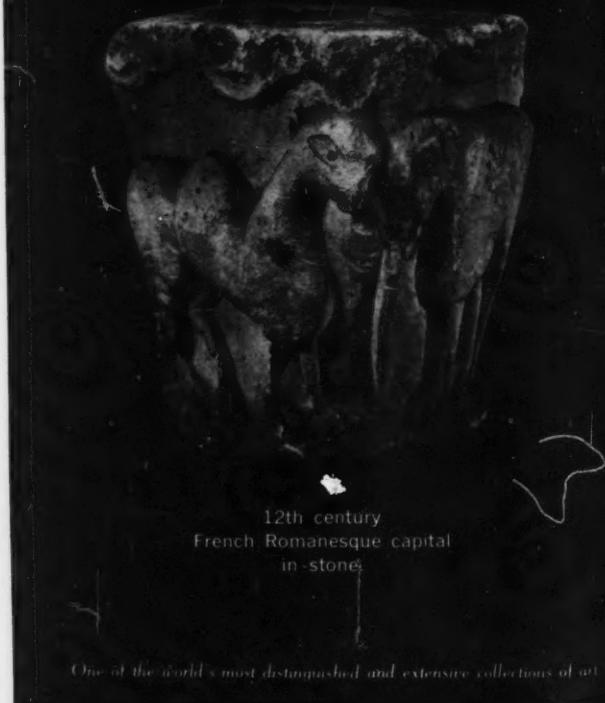
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ARTS/OCTOBER

AUCTIONS

October 9 and 10, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Oriental art, from the estate of the late Allen J. Mercher and from other sources. Among the items are an embroidered Ko'ssu silk tapestry scroll hanging of the Ch'ien Lung period, a Korean *burgauté* black lacquer cabinet, precious mineral objects, as well as porcelains, bronzes, enamels, tapestries and furniture. Exhibition from October 5.

October 11 and 12, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English and American furniture, Early American and English silver decorative objects, the property of Mrs. Martha Drefs, Clayton, Missouri, and of other owners. Exhibition from October 5.

October 16, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Part I of the collection of paintings and drawings by Charles Demuth belonging to the estate of the late Richard W. C. Weyand. Watercolors and oils include landscapes, buildings, still lifes and figures. (The second and final part of the collection of works by Charles Demuth will be sold later in the season.) Exhibition from October 12.

October 18 and 19, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture and decorations belonging to the estate of the late Elsa L. Oppenheimer, New York, and from other sources. Exhibition from October 12.

October 22 and 23, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Autograph letters and documents, mainly American, Part II in sale of the collection assembled by the late Forest G. Sweet, Battle Creek, Michigan. Included are specimens by Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Paine, Hamilton and others. Exhibition from October 12.

October 23, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Old masters and nineteenth-century paintings, from the estate of the late Mrs. William K. Bixby, St. Louis, Missouri, and from other owners. Among the early works in the sale is *La Femme Adultère* by Sebastiano del Piombo. Also works by Finacker, David Teniers the Younger, Maris, Josef Israels and other Dutch masters. Among the portraits are *Anne d'Autriche* by Mignard, *Lady Neave* by Lawrence and *Mrs. Horton* by Romney.

October 26, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Fine American furniture and Early American silver, from the estate of the late Albert R. Whittier, Milton, Massachusetts, and property of another estate. Exhibition from October 19.

October 31, November 1 and 2, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French and English furniture, blue Staffordshire ware and decorations, from the estate of the late May McShane Jenkins, Baltimore, Maryland. Eighteenth-century English furniture includes choice Sheraton, Chippendale, Hepplewhite and other examples. French furniture offers Louis XV and Louis XVI cabinet-work and features a number bearing the stamp of *maitres ébénistes*.

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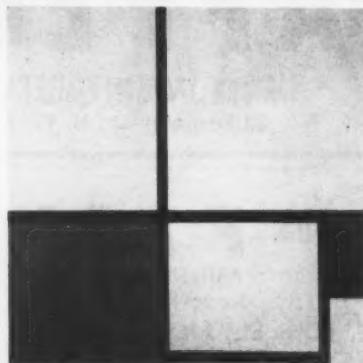
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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS

The Italian painter Giorgio Morandi has won the São Paulo Prize for plastic arts, an award of 300,000 cruzeiros (approximately \$3,850), in the competition sponsored by the São Paulo Museum of Modern Art assisted by the Government of Brazil and the City of São Paulo. The competition is the central event at the fourth biennial Festival of Modern Visual Art which includes painting, sculpture, engraving and architecture among other exhibits. The Acquisition Prize for Sculpture was awarded to Seymour Lipton, the only winner among the eight living United States artists in the forty-three nation show. Special mention in the jury's statement was accorded France's Marc Chagall and Jackson Pollock of the United States. The Museum of Modern Art in New York has assembled a Pollock retrospective which constitutes a special section of the São Paulo exhibition, since the rules limit the competition to living artists.

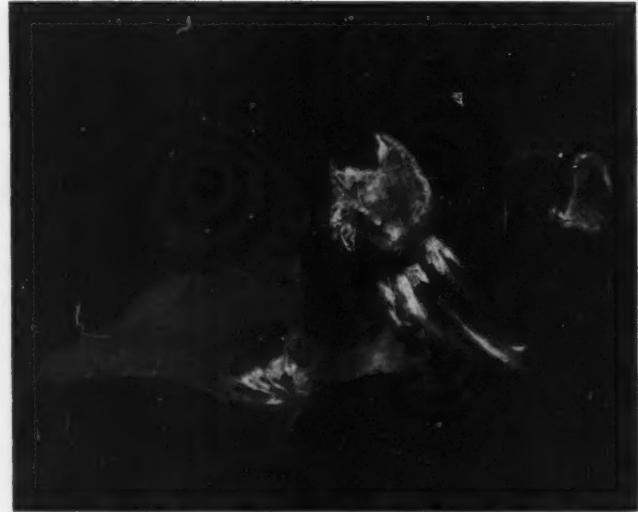
Franklin Alexander is this year's winner of the \$300 Herminie E. Kleinert award presented annually to a Woodstock, New York, artist. Mr. Alexander is currently

associated with the Polari Gallery Woodstock, and his work was exhibited at the Woodstock Artists Association gallery this past summer. Previous recipients of the Kleinert award include Edward Chavez, Raoul Hague, Bruce Currie, Alice Blanche and Rollin Crampton.

Jean Cocteau, French poet and playwright, and Luigi Nervi, Italian architect, are among newly elected Honorary Members of the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters. Honorary membership in the Academy is limited to fifty citizens of foreign countries, noted for their outstanding contributions to the arts.

In the recent Maryland Regional Exhibition for Artists and Craftsmen at the Baltimore Museum of Art, the First Artist's Prize of \$250 was awarded to Robert Cooke for a painting entitled "Gardens." The Second Artist's Prize of \$150 went to Lowell B. Nesbitt for a welded metal sculpture which was also selected by the museum's contemporary art committee for a principal purchase prize of \$275. An off-town jury, which selected the works

NATIONWIDE NOTES



With its current presentation (until November 3) of "Collecting Modern Art," the Detroit Institute of Arts is launching a season-long tour of paintings, sculpture and drawings from the notable collection of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis Winston. After its Detroit showing the exhibition will visit the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond (December 18-January 5), the San Francisco Museum of Art (January 28-March 18), the Milwaukee Art Institute (April 11-May 12) and the North Carolina Museum of Art (dates not yet announced). The Winston Collection will be presented as a color fea-

ture in a forthcoming issue of ARTS.

Three new galleries have recently joined the rapidly growing number of art dealers on the New York scene. New this fall are the David Gallery at 245 Fifth Avenue and the Oscar Krasner Gallery at 1061 Madison Avenue, the latter representing, among others, Will Barnet, Arnold Blanch, Zygmunt Menkes and Raphael Soyer. The Avant-Garde Gallery, which opened last May at 166 Lexington Avenue is currently showing the paintings of Knox Martin and will next feature works by Jerry Hatofsky.

the regional exhibition and chose the winners, consisted of **Betty Parsons**, New York painter and gallery director; **Barbara Lassaw**, New York sculptor; and **Edgar Schenck**, director of the Brooklyn Museum in New York.

Kenneth Donahue, acting director of the John and Mabel Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota, Florida, since January, 1957, has been named to fill the post officially. Mr. Donahue, who joined the museum's staff as librarian and lecturer and, in 1954, became curator, succeeds the late A. Everett Austin, Jr., as director.

In New York City, **Roy Gordon Kaader**, director of the Wellons Gallery from 1950 to 1956, has joined Contemporary Arts, Inc., and Collectors of American Art, Inc., as assistant to the president, Emily A. Francis.

The Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in Utica, New York, has announced the appointment of **Richard B. K. McLanahan** as director of the Institute's Community Arts Program. Dr. McLanahan, who will assume his duties in Utica on November 1, was formerly Curator of Decorative Arts and Editor of Publications at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The position in Utica was left vacant by Harris Prior, who last year became director of the American Federation of Arts in New York City.

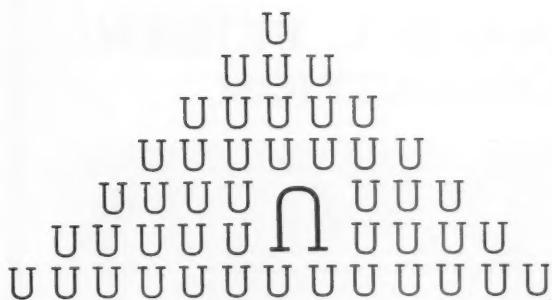
The \$1,000 Grants in Art conferred by the National Institute of Arts and Letters have been awarded in New York City to **Anne Baier**, painter and muralist; **John Heliker**, painter; **Jonah Kinigstein**, painter; **Kenzo Kada**, painter; **Hugo Robus**, sculptor; and **Polygnotos Vagis**, sculptor.

The Tupperware Art Fund has awarded fellowships for 1957 to **Joe Lasker**, South Norwalk, Connecticut, **C. E. Vanduzer**, Flint, Michigan, and **Edward Biberman**, Los Angeles, California. Purchase awards went to **Colleen Browning**, New York City; **Mary Bunch**, Cleveland Heights, Michigan, and **Richard Haines**, Santa Monica, California.

Carl O. Schniewind 1900-1957

Carl O. Schniewind, curator of prints and drawings at the Art Institute of Chicago since 1940, died on August 29, 1957, in Florence, Italy. Mr. Schniewind was formerly librarian and curator of prints and drawings at the Brooklyn Museum in New York. He is the author of a number of works in the graphics field.

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SPECTRUM

The Perils of Pauline

IN THE days of Central City, the Mississippi River paddle-wheeler and the silent movies, heroines had miraculous escapes from dastardly villains, ferocious animals and what insurance companies call "acts of God." Eliza had to jump over her ice cakes, Pauline was beset by charging railroads and mustachioed cads (if legend is correct—we never saw Pauline), settlers frequently were on the point of losing both their scalps and wives, and in general a fair maiden hardly dared set foot in front of the footlights.

Another time we may take up the artistic significance of "The Perils of Pauline" and similar adventures, but now we are more concerned with the fact that the hero always appeared at the last minute to save the day. All of this ancient history from the dark ages of American culture was really very prophetic, for the modern publishing industry—and particularly art magazines—is constantly beset by calamities only to be rescued at the last instant. Few readers can realize the terror that creeps into a publisher's heart when a paper mill goes on strike, an author becomes ill or temperamental at the last minute, a printing press breaks down or color plates promised months before fail to arrive. These are crises to which we have become somewhat inured, and there always seems to be a hero ready to dash upon the scene to save the day and keep us from getting ulcers.

Our latest crisis occurred recently when David Sylvester in England became indisposed at the last minute and was unable to complete his article for the *Yearbook*. Luckily, however, we had a hero standing by in the wings ready to ride forth and save the day. Our hard-working, loyal and brilliant managing editor, Hilton Kramer (and he will be embarrassed by these sincere adjectives), has been working on a book, scheduled for future publication, about the development of modern art. Having already done much of the necessary research, he was pressed into the hero's role.

Unfortunately, as a result of Mr. Sylvester's indisposition, the *Yearbook* will come off the presses a few weeks later than we had planned. However, we are happy in the knowledge that it will include a provocative and interesting article by Hilton Kramer. We are certain that our readers will understand the vicissitudes of publishing and will forgive the short delay.

... and next week East Lynne

IT is quite probable that the insipid *September Morn* would be long forgotten if the self-righteous, puritanical Anthony Comstock had walked down a different street one day in May of 1913 and had not seen the picture. The name of its painter, Paul Chabas, who died twenty years ago, would likewise be forgotten. *September Morn* would still adorn calendars, and no one would consider it a part of art history. But Comstock saw it, made a noise, elevated it to social controversy and, indirectly, to a special display in the Great Hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

There is no point in discussing the artistic merits of *September Morn*, for almost everyone agrees that it is banal. Since nudity no longer shocks most people, the picture's only interest is documentary. And here we disagree with the officials of

the Metropolitan. If they want to accept a Chabas painting, or anything else, as a gift for historical reasons, that is their business—although they got rid of far better paintings at auction last year. But to give it such prominence smacks of sensationalism and is out of all proportion to the artistic and historical importance of the occasion.

The Great Hall of the Metropolitan, like similar halls in other museums, stands as a symbol of great art. It is a place where we may rightfully expect to view the significant and the important in art. Emily Genauer, writing in the *Herald Tribune* recently, stated the problem succinctly when she said: "It cannot even be interpreted as a justifiable educational gesture indicating how art tastes have changed. It is witness, rather, only to how standards of decency have changed . . . which cannot possibly be construed as the museum's function."

Like Miss Genauer, we have been concerned by the fact that the Metropolitan has not organized any major exhibition of old masters in recent years—and we might say the same about the National Gallery in Washington. Miss Genauer reports that the museum's director, James Rorimer, for whom we have the highest respect, feels that the permanent collection should not be dislocated for special showings. We cannot argue strenuously against this policy, for it has its validity, but yet we believe that it is important for the nation's major museums to have major exhibitions of old masters. Mr. Rorimer told Miss Genauer that after the Metropolitan's renovation is completed this fall special showings will be resumed.

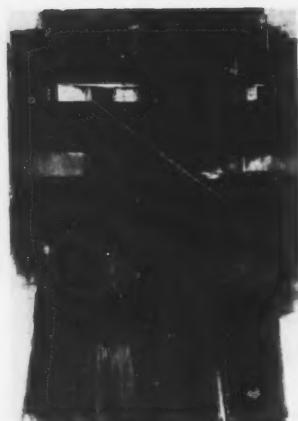
We hope that this is so. However, a call to the museum's publicity department revealed that there are no plans for anything that we would consider of exceptional interest. Similarly, we have heard of no plans of unusual moment from the National.

Museums in other parts of the country, and a few of the largest private galleries, have organized major exhibitions of unusual interest and high quality in the last few years. These include the current Picasso show by the Museum of Modern Art and the Art Institute of Chicago, the Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition at Philadelphia and Chicago, the "Nude in Art" at the Wildenstein Galleries, St. Louis and Minneapolis' joint organization of a Monet retrospective, the Guggenheim's Brancusi retrospective and the forthcoming large Seurat exhibition to be shown by the Art Institute of Chicago and the Museum of Modern Art—to say nothing of the great tradition in Venice of alternating a comprehensive old-master exhibition with the Biennale.

These are the type of exhibition that we should be able to expect from the Metropolitan and the National every year. Several years ago the former was host to a tour of a magnificent collection of works by Goya. It also put on an equally important show of Dutch and Flemish masters. We realize that such shows take time and funds to prepare; only the largest museums can muster the necessary resources. Therefore we hope that these two huge institutions will take the lead in bringing major exhibitions of art masterpieces to the public.

It will be a far greater service than reviving Paul Chabas' shivering maiden from her lake in the danker regions of the historical past and giving her a place of honor which rightfully belongs to the creations of Rembrandt, Titian, Dürer, Rubens and the other greats.

—J.M.



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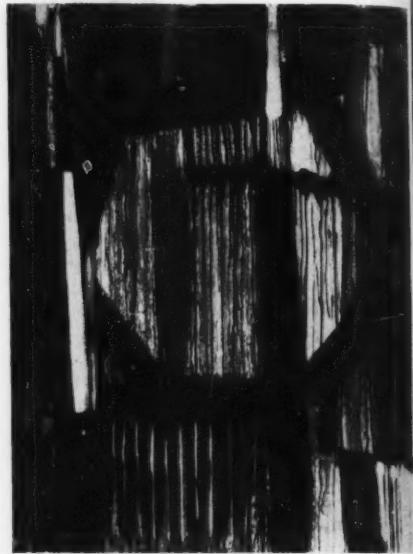
The dangers of the "international parish" . . . mass production and arrested development . . . the pressure to conform . . . a volte-face? . . . Reg Butler, Terry Frost and Bryan Wynter

BY PATRICK HERON

LATE summer being a dead season where the dealers' galleries are concerned, it is surely permissible to forget Bond Street for a moment and think instead about what has been happening among painters and sculptors during the past year. And I don't mean only in London. Nothing now is done in ignorance of everything else that is happening: Tokyo, Seattle, New York, London, Paris, Milan—we are all inside one small parish now, linked by the illustrated magazines and the endless illustrated exhibition catalogues and brochures. The same little reproduction of a picture by a new abstract painter may be found pinned up on a whitewashed wall in studio workshops from Cap Ferrat to Lands End. The same dealers and collectors—international in their scope and influence—are wooed by the younger painters and sculptors of many countries. The same phenomenal successes are witnessed and striven after—successes which mean that the prices commanded by a painter of thirty-five or forty may become multiplied by ten inside a period of twenty-four months, let us say. And then, of course, the same dilemma for the successful, i.e., how to continue, in freedom, to develop and change and experiment and generally *continue* with the life-giving process of making many false starts and countless exciting mistakes, when you have already "arrived"—not necessarily at great painting, let it be said, but at a recognizably personal product which has itself become recognized on an international "exchange" as a valuable currency.

Having got used, in England, to a situation in which one need never have tired of pointing out that the best painting and sculpture that was being done was virtually without native buyers or support,* it is still slightly surprising each time one thinks of the remarkable prices quite mediocre abstract painters now command on both sides of the Atlantic. Yet *change* is still the most essential characteristic of good painting in our time, and thus the very nature of their international success is possibly in itself the most serious threat to many of the best of the younger painters in America and Europe today—because it demands that the changing style of an artist be arrested. But I also suggest that approximation to the dominant international styles is a further demand upon the artist that is almost as dangerous. The pressures which bring about the varying degrees of conformity in young artists are obviously strongest in Paris. For this reason, the geographically provincial position of England is possibly proving an asset to our painters at this precise moment. That is to say, we have the right degree of contact with the great pressure center, and the right degree of aloofness from it, for our artists to work out their *individual* solutions to problems that are not insular but universally current. In this way we have the chance to avoid provincialism at the same time that we are exempted from that compulsion toward the monotony of mass production (of Tachist variants, for instance) which prevails at the esthetic power center.

*It is still true that most of the best English artists under forty-five are far better represented in public collections in America than in Britain; even the Tate Gallery lags well behind a number of museums in the United States in recognizing—by acquisition—the work of younger British painters or sculptors.



Terry Frost, BLACK, BLUE AND LEMON (1957)

I BELIEVE that painting and sculpture are at present in the grip of two gigantic movements both of which have traveled with unparalleled speed into an academic condition; and in no corner of the Western world are these two movements entirely inoperative. For painting the Tachist principle prevails; for sculpture, it is a form of Romantic Expressionism that is rampant. Everywhere the rusting, gesticulating iron rungs and spars and spikes—apparently the vehicle of strong and angry, aggressive emotions yet in reality only a hollow, fashionable forcefulness, a faked anxiety, an extremely popular and charming and wholly manageable kind of *Angst*—are the main content of such works. And when the sculptors leave behind the "open" idioms, which are infinitely less exacting as forms to be mastered than "closed" idioms, and attempt to create solid equivalents for that archetypal formal complex which is the human body, how badly they fall down! At least Reg Butler (whom I criticized last month) is trying, desperately hard, to climb out of the fashionable mid-twentieth-century style into the realm of art—a thing which hardly any other sculptor of his generation in Europe seems to be attempting.

The Tachist situation in painting involves subtler difficulties and distinctions. Readers may already be raising their eyebrows at my apparent *volte-face* in thus writing of Tachism. But I have previously warned that there were likely, in the end, to prove only a mere handful of significant painters amongst the Tachist hordes. I admit that "in the end" referred to a point in time which I considered to be much further off than now seems likely—to me, at any rate. In fact, I would say that this movement has already come to the end of its usefulness as a significant generator of new ideas. Of course, the deluge of academic Tachism is only just beginning. But with that we are not concerned. I confess to one further surprise which recent events have held for me, and that is the speed with which the ubiquitous Tachist influence has

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changed its central significance. Not three months ago I still upheld the idea that the Tachist principles were operative in the cause of an increased creative freedom. It now seems to me that, with one or two notable exceptions (Sam Francis still seems to me the best of all the Tachist painters, but he does not compare in stature with such non-Tachists as Soulages, Scott or Hilton, for instance), the Tachist influence works more effectively and brilliantly as the instigator of the mediocre and the automatic than of the vital and creative. Spilt linear forms, too evenly distributed by that lazy physical automatism of hand and arm that can come to almost any practitioner, are not enough. The even emphasis throughout the "composition," the shallow depth, consistently ambiguous in its spatial illusion—this is not enough; the "flowering" of pigments poured or brushed so that they mix just exactly as though their coagulation on the canvas were a purely natural event undirected by man—this too is not enough. Tachism has broken up the various forms of geometry upon which painting relied, certainly. But this "organic" flowering of the matter of pigment must once again be harnessed to more definite constructional ends. We must once again construct forms, compose with them and place them with conscious intent, in harmonious relation. As it is, the sea of fascinating textures heaves and swells and rises on all sides to engulf us! The unendingly vibrant spots, stains, smears, dashes and streaks of the Tachist surface are crying out for a definite form, a distinct image, involving the geometric, to appear so that they may adhere and cling to it, thus focusing their energy and punctuating their monotonous expanses.

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The fluency and verve and physical unity of Tachist canvases are pure gain (though they

continued on page 64

PARIS

The domestic, international and rubberneck cycles . . . painters and their widows . . . an unwonted recognition for sculpture . . . the official exhibitions . . . Bordeaux's "Le Fantastique". . .

BY EDOUARD RODITI

THE annual Paris art season never begins or ends with a bang. You suddenly notice that you're in the midst of it, then again that it has somehow ebbed away. Though a domestic season starts fitfully in October, when all the gallery owners, critics and collectors are back in town, the real season within the season, for the international trade, begins in April, when the more important one-man shows of the year follow in quick succession until the middle of July. After that, a third season, officially organized for foreign rubbernecks who gape but rarely buy, keeps the crowds moving through the city's museums all through the summer months, till the domestic season begins again in the fall.

This year, the Thirteenth Salon de Mai, the First Paris Biennale (see ARTS, June, 1957), the Salon des Réalités Nouvelles and the Salon de la Jeune Sculpture managed to group works of nearly all the more important artists now living in Paris. The critics of the Paris press observed that the Salon de Mai was perhaps less aggressively nonformal, in its abstractions, than in recent years, whereas the Salon des Réalités Nouvelles, a veritable bastion of geometrical abstraction, seemed to have become less hostile to nonformal abstraction. The new Paris Biennale, on the other hand, in spite of its many figurative exhibits, likewise competed both with the Salon de Mai and the Salon des Réalités Nouvelles, as far as its nonfigurative exhibits are concerned, and again with the Salon des Peintres Témoins de Leur Temps as a salon of figurative art. Some responsible Paris critics wonder whether such a plethora of salons may not produce more confusion than useful publicity, and many an ambitious artist already exhibits in two, if not three, of these half-dozen annual shows.

The Salon de Mai, to which selected artists are invited to submit exhibits, remains the most exclusive of these shows. This year, however, none of the more famous painters invited to participate seemed to deem the occasion worthy of a truly outstanding sample of their recent work. Picasso, Manessier and Jacques Villon, for instance, exhibited fine but disappointingly typical paintings. Bernard Buffet's *Still Life with a Calf's Head* portrayed the dead animal with the same lugubrious dead-pan expression as his *Female Nude* at the Biennale; one was somehow led to suspect that both, like the heroines of certain Tennessee Williams plays, might be conscious or unconscious self-portraits. Marie-Laure's painting suggested that a society woman may have more taste, originality and even craftsmanship than many a professional work horse of the *avant-garde*. Among the more or less nonformal abstractionists, Bitran, Bryen, Bernard Dufour, Dova, Garbell, Gillet, Loutre, Kallos, Marfaing, Tapiès and a few others produced harmonies of color or effects of texture which revealed their sincere interest in original research. Hosiasson gave the impression of having gone to some trouble in order to expand his somewhat narrow range of color harmonies, and Music's exhibit suggested an unusual, though static, serenity, whereas Riopelle's enormous painting was so vast and wild that it looked like a desert province of Canada that Wegener's Law of the Movement of Continents might have allowed to drift into the heart of populous Paris.

Among the more formal and figurative exhibitors, Wilfredo Lam, Matta and Max Ernst as-

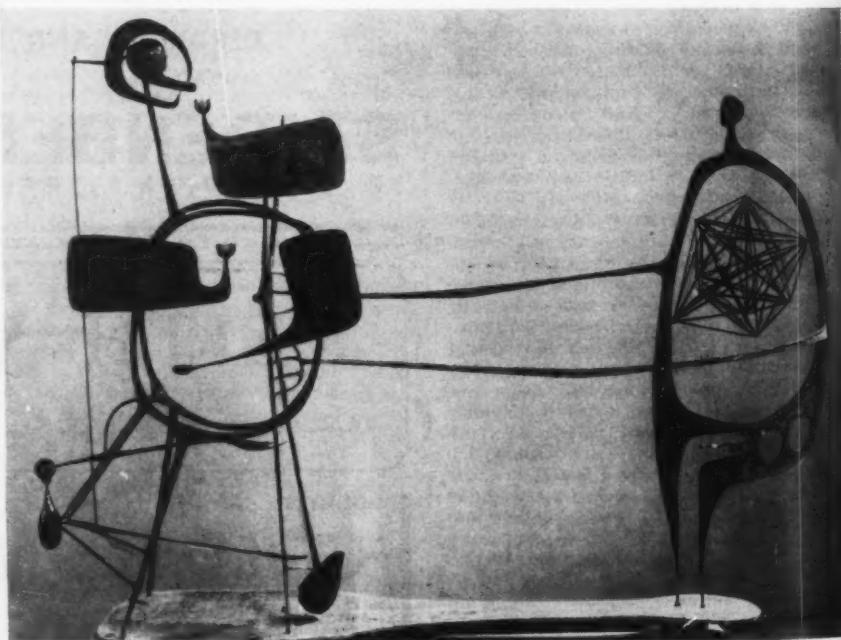
sumed the importance of real masters, surrounded by a whole school of disciples who included Dominguez, Marie-Laure and others. The American painter Zev showed a *Saint Francis in the Tuilleries Gardens* that introduced a rare element of humor, thus bridging the gap between Surrealism or the art of Dubuffet and the caricatural world of Saul Steinberg. Among the sculptors, Philippe Hiquily's *Pinball Machine*, an ingenious mobile that is almost a toy, achieved a similar synthesis; this artist's mobiles, animated by clockwork, by shifts of equilibrium or by hydraulic pressure, have attracted considerable attention in Paris in the past twelve months, especially at the Salon de la Jeune Sculpture.

Two facts highlighted the 1957 Salon des Réalités Nouvelles. Firstly, its organizers, as already noted, seem to have abandoned to some extent their somewhat Calvinistic geometrical orthodoxy; secondly, the critic Waldemar George surprised the art world of Paris when he pointed out, in *Prisme des Arts* and elsewhere, that Shepilov's condemnation of the New Realism of the Western world, in his famous Moscow pronunciamento of some months ago, had not been inspired by the works of Buffet, Balthus and Dauchot, as everyone had surmised, but by a visit to last year's Salon des Réalités Nouvelles, into which Shepilov had innocently wandered in the hope of finding there a few tidbits of French Socialist Realism. To reach this disconcerting conclusion, George had waded through vast masses of Soviet journalism and art criticism, where "*réalités nouvelles*" was invariably translated as "new realism." Incidentally, in this year's exhibition, a composition by the American painter Theodore Brenson attracted attention; his world of crystalline and translucent forms was declared to be that of a Soulages of light rather than of darkness, and he was selected for the Annual

Prix de la Critique. Brenson's London show at the New Vision Gallery, was also well received by English critics.

Had Shepilov wandered, in May or June of this year, into the basement of the Galerie Crewe when, on the occasion of the publication of Michel Seuphor's *Dictionnaire de l'Art abstrait*, it staged a gigantic jamboree of abstract art of the past fifty years, he might have regaled us with further insights into the state of culture in the Western world. Nothing could have proved more clearly, though this had never been Seuphor's intention, that many abstract artists have confused art and technology and that their main concern is to invent an object, much as one invents a gadget which one hopes to patent, rather than to imitate in terms of art anything suggested to them by the world of existing objects. A vast majority of the abstractions exhibited were as dreamlike and puzzling as antiquated gadgets of twenty or thirty years ago that have failed to prove really useful. Besides, the differences in quality, between a Mondrian or a Herbin, on the one hand, and a mere Dewasne or a Rella Ruddolph, on the other hand, are at times so difficult to detect that many a widow of a deceased master now continues to exhibit works that are surprisingly like the less felicitous inventions of her late mentor. One cannot imagine the consorts of Carpaccio, Watteau, Rembrandt, Delacroix or Lautrec assuring them such a posthumous production, but Sonia Delaunay and Johanna Freundlich-Kosnick-Kloss now turn out near-Delaunays and near-Freundlichs that seem to be dictated to them in séances from the Great Beyond. Nor can one imagine an exhibition of fifty years of Impressionism that would similarly group alleged masterpieces by some three hundred artists of this one school. Though the twenty best painters selected by Seuphor certainly deserve our respect and admiration, half the "masters" exhibited could be dismissed as mere disciples. At the Musée National d'Art Moderne's great retrospective show of Robert Delaunay, all through the summer, we were able to see how much this inventive artist, however uneven in his production, has actually contributed toward the development of an idiom which became part of the heritage of several generations of figurative as well as nonfigurative painters, from August Macke.

Philippe Hiquily, PINBALL MACHINE; in the Salon de Mai.





Marie-Laure, D'OCCITANIE; in the Salon de Mai.

the Blue Rider group in Germany, the Orphists and the Syncromists in Paris and New York, to some of the younger painters who are still experimenting with theories of light and color.

AFTER the major Salons, many of the one-man shows of May, June and July seemed but to expand, like well-documented footnotes, on themes that had already been stated succinctly in the great group shows. Bitran's first one-man show at the Galerie Ariel proved that one had not been wrong in assuming, on the basis of one painting shown at last year's *Salon de Mai* and another at this year's, that he should already be counted among the more promising younger painters who hover on the borderline between figurative and nonfigurative painting. Tapiès, at the Galerie Stadler, impressed many visitors, including Dr. Gainsborough of London's *Art News and Review*, as the most imaginative newcomer among creators of new textures. A nonfigurative Spaniard, Tapiès seemed to have learned something from Dalí's old theories of "comestible art" and sometimes produces creamy effects of impasto that surprisingly make your mouth water like appetizing dairy products. Henry Miller's old friend Reichel, a former associate of Paul Klee, gave a pleasantly modest show of sensitive works, mainly watercolors and gouaches, at the Galerie Jeanne Bucher; his fine gouache at the *Salon de Mai* was so small, compared with other exhibits, that it had been almost unnoticed. Marcel Bernheim's exhibition of the Turkish painter Moualla launched him as a legendary character of the Left Bank's Bohemia, a kind of new Soutine or Modigliani; one American collector is reported to have purchased sixty of Moualla's gouaches. Robert Helman, at the Galerie Bénézit on the Right Bank, revealed that he is now a painter to be placed in the same category of calligraphic abstraction as Atlan, Hartung and Soulages, though his design has a decorative and sinuous quality that often suggests affinities with Jugendstil or Art Nouveau. At the Galerie Carré, a monster show of Lansky's recent works failed to convince me that his vast and brightly colored abstractions are really superior in quality to the figurative work that he produced thirty years ago, when he made his unobtrusive debut in the company of Terechkovitch and Tchelitchew. André Ostier's photographs of Lansky, in the sumptuous catalogue,

were more dramatic than any of the actual paintings. At the Galerie du Dragon, the American poet and former editor of *View*, Charles Henri Ford, gave his third show of paintings. A resident of Rome, Ford has a more Italian than American or French sense of the kind of poetry that the Paris critic Alain Jouffroy, in the June issue of *ARTS*, found so sadly lacking in much contemporary painting. Zev's show at the Galerie Fürstenberg was entirely dedicated to an almost obsessive theme, positing a cage full of exotic birds as the center of the universe; he will be exhibiting again, this fall, at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery in London. At the Bénézit Gallery, a fine show of Chapoval, a young painter who died suddenly in his prime a few years ago, reminded us that the loss of Nicolas de Staél is not the only one that we need mourn.

Sculptors earned more recognition in recent months, in Paris, than is usual in this city that seems so exclusively dedicated to painting. At the *Salon de Mai*, a small retrospective of Brancusi was enthusiastically acclaimed. Penalba's show at the Galerie du Dragon was well received, so was César's at the new Galerie Creuzevault, while Giacometti, at the Maeght Gallery, achieved his usual triumph. At the recently opened Galerie Claude Bernard, Penalba attracted attention again in a group show that also included Jonas and Dodeigne, whose drearily unimaginative phallic monuments somehow leave me cold. Claude Bernard's opening show of Marfaing, Maryan, Gillet, Pelliotier and Pouget, then his exhibit of gouaches that included Appel, Bryen, Ruth Francken, Ubac and Sugai, and his monthly musical evenings, immediately placed his new gallery in the front rank among the chic temples of nonfigurative art. Next door in the Rue des Beaux Arts, Iris Cleri managed to obtain a maximum amount of publicity for her tiny gallery by staging an exhibit of over a hundred miniature abstractions in what she called a "microsalon"; later, while this microsalon was being exhibited again in Milan, she put on a show of monochromes by Yves, all of them painted in a single even tone of blue, like color samples from a paint manufacturer. When Yves showed these a few weeks later in London, one of his more enthusiastic fans protested, in a letter to the editors of *Art News and Review*, that they should be taken very seriously as an expression of Zen philosophy, and that one should con-



Penalba, SCULPTURE; at Galerie Claude Bernard.

template, in their total lack of composition, design, subject matter or variety in color, only the subtle and almost indistinguishable accidents of texture.

But lovers of Far Eastern culture were offered some less controversial examples of its artistic achievements at Janette Ostier's fine Galerie Place des Vosges exhibition of drawings and watercolors by Japanese masters. A disciple of the great dealer and collector Felix Tikotin, who has recently decided to give an important part of his collections to the city of Haifa, in Israel, for which the Tikotin Foundation will build one of the finest museums of Far Eastern art in the world, Janette Ostier has staged in the past few years, in competition with her colleague Huguette Berès, a surprising series of exhibitions of classical Japanese art and thus created in Paris a market for original drawings, by the Far Eastern masters, among the more discerning collectors of Western art.

THIS season's official shows in the Paris museums included, at the Musée Jacquemart-André, a truly remarkable exhibition of the art and the decorative crafts of the Second Empire, in which early works of the great Impressionists were at last shown in their proper historical and cultural context. It was good to see how well a painter like Rosa Bonheur, now so generally snubbed and neglected that the Staatliche Kunsthalle in Baden-Baden failed to include her in its erratic show of "representations of the horse in the art of the past and the present," can still stand the proximity of a Degas or a Courbet. The Second Empire exhibition indeed proved, among other things, that the nineteenth century remains the great age of horse painters, whereas the Baden-Baden show, with fifteen Marino Marinis and countless works by contemporary nonentities but not a single Stubbs, not a single Constantin Guys, not a single Alfred de Dreux, nor a single Karl Steffeck, and only one Géricault, two Delacroix's (one of which was doubtful) and two Degas's, tended to suggest that we are now living in a great age of horse painters!

Within weekend distance of Paris, one of the finest shows of the summer was, in Bordeaux, the "Bosch, Goya et le Fantastique" exhibition, which grouped a dazzling number of examples of the art of Arcimboldo and of Monsu Desi-

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Zev, SAINT FRANCIS IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS; in
the Salon de Mai.

derio, as well as of masterpieces by less manneristic dreamers. The critical principles that determined the choice of exhibits struck me as vague, if not unsound: a Lelio Orsi representation of *The Last Judgment* and an Ingres representation of *Ossian's Dream* are founded on tradition and literature and are scarcely visionary in the same firsthand sense as an Odilon Redon or the hallucinations that haunted the Swedish painters Carl-Frederick Hill and Ernst Josephson in their insanity; again, a Goya illustration of a popular proverb, or a Goya satirical drawing, is not visionary in the same sense as his Quinta del Sordo nightmares, nor are allegorical compositions to be confused with apocalyptic visions. The Bordeaux show was also somewhat parochial in its very French slant: the Austrian master Alfred Kubin deserved to be better represented, one was shocked to see no work of Fuseli's Danish friend Abilgaard, no work of Edvard Munch, no Arnold Boecklin and no Max Klinger to compare with works of Redon, Gustave Moreau and Gustave Doré, and too many contemporary Parisian pseudo-visionary mannerists like Leonor Fini and Stanislas Lepri, but nothing by Melle, from Amsterdam, or by Richard Oelze or Mac Zimmermann from Germany. William Blake also came off badly in Bordeaux, and Thomas Cole and Albert Ryder were ignored.

Though the Paris weekly *Arts*, in its issue of August 7, protested that the public is steering clear of the excessive number of exhibitions to which it is now invited each summer, the success of the more outstanding shows of recent months proves that many art lovers are capable of distinguishing the wheat from the chaff. Among the shows that attracted the largest crowds of visitors, the Galerie Charpentier exhibition "One Hundred Masterpieces of French Art," the Lehman Collection, from New York, at the Musée de l'Orangerie, and a magnificent exhibition of Czechoslovakian art were unequivocal successes; it would be impossible to do justice to them here. Katia Granoff's annual show of Claude Monet *Nymphéas*, from her own stock in trade, was a delight to which she added, this year, an additional element of unconscious humor by appending, to each frame, a little typescript of a poem of her own, composed in the purest tradition of the doggerel of the late Duchesse de Rohan which had once served as butt to the witticisms of Proust's friend Robert de Montesquieu.

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FRESCOES IN FLORENCE

*A display of newly rescued works
brings appreciation to forgotten treasures.*

BY ULRICH WEISSTEIN

IT WAS with justifiable pride that, this past summer, the Florentine host took his visitor from abroad to the recently restored Forte di Belvedere on the *olt'Arno* side of the city. Here the visitor could indulge in a view more magnificent than that traditionally enjoyed from the Piazzale Michelangelo and, at the same time, visit an exhibition of paintings that was remarkable in more than one respect. Within easy walking distance of the Pitti, the fort served as an ideal showcase for the works which a diligent *Soprintendenza* assembled in order to dramatize its fight for the preservation and restoration of imperiled frescoes. Unfortunately, however, the building will not be permanently available as a museum; and there rises the question as to what will happen to the paintings now that the exhibition has closed at the end of September. After all, one cannot simply return them to the places from which they were taken, since to do so would mean to expose them anew to the cruel hazards of the weather.

Be that as it may, nobody in good faith will question the cogency of the motives which prompted the removal of these frescoes from their original settings. For it is better to have in the museum what cannot be adequately protected *in situ* than to let a precious artistic heritage crumble and fade away within two or three generations. Moreover, as Ugo Procacci points out in his introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition, the art of detaching frescoes is not as new as it would seem to be. Through Vasari we know that already in his time entire sets of murals were safely transported from one location to another, if only by the somewhat crude device of removing the walls on which they were painted along with them. Approximately 150 years ago, the first, and only partly successful, attempt was made to detach a fresco from its background; and more recently the technique has been brought to such perfection that relatively few risks are taken by the men in charge of the salvage operation now in progress in many parts of Italy. It is to these men (to Leonetto Tintori, Amedeo Benini, Dino Dini and their colleagues) rather than to the art historians and the administrators that we must refer as the true heroes in the silent battle which is being waged against time and the elements. How complete the victory will be depends on the financial situation, the funds now available being much too small to assure a speedy rescue of all the frescoes that are in danger.

LEAVING aside the highly interesting technical aspects of the actual *staccatura*—a process that was fully documented in the exhibition by photographs and a step-by-step description of its various phases—I should like to discuss the artistic aspects of the *Mostra*, which consisted of nearly one hundred individual works ranging over a period of approximately three centuries. In a way, the recent show may be regarded as a sequel to the “Mostra di Quattro Maestri di Primo Rinascimento” of 1954, in which many of the major works of Paolo Uccello, Domenico Veneziano, Piero della Francesca and An-



Above: Paolo Uccello, detail from THE FLOOD (formerly Chiostro Verde di Santa Maria Novella). Below: Filippo Lippi, detail from THE CONFIRMATION OF THE RULE (formerly Santa Maria del Carmine).
All illustrations by courtesy Soprintendenza alle Gallerie di Firenze.





**Florentine School, DEPOSITION (sinopia), end of fourteenth century
(from a house in the Via Romana).**

FRESCOES IN FLORENCE

Drea del Castagno were magnificently displayed. However, while in the latter exhibition the greatness of four well-known painters was reaffirmed rather than newly established, the recent "Mostra degli Affreschi Staccati" (Exhibition of Detached Frescoes) allowed a look behind the scene, where new and exciting discoveries were in store for us.

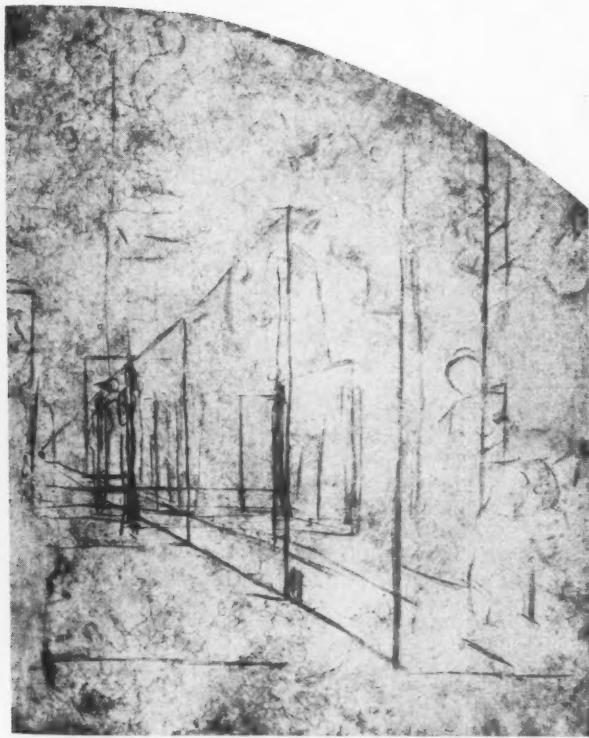
True, several of the works in the assemblage are familiar to the art historian, but none of these had ever been fully impressed upon the mind of the general public. A striking example of the spirit, at once scientific and adventurous, of Paolo Uccello is to be found in his representation of the flood



Piero della Francesca, HEAD OF A SAINT (formerly church of Santa Chiara in Sansepolcro).

with its double perspective and the almost shocking realism of the narrative. None of this daring would appear to be present in the beautiful detail of a boy with wind-blown hair and a black and white *mazzocchio* (that strongly reminds one of a life preserver) around his neck. Filippo Lippi's *Confirmation of the Rule* speaks tellingly of that master's early dependence on the style of Masaccio, its earthiness and broad-faced humor setting it clearly apart from the mystical *Adorations in the Wood* of his later period. Piero della Francesca's *Head of a Saint*, finally, which was rescued from beneath the whitewash of a former church in the painter's native Sansepolcro, has all the plasticity and architectural strength which we associate with Piero's pictorial style.

Much less known, and therefore more deserving of critical comment, are the remains of mural ensembles that were once the pride of all Italy but which have barely survived the ravages of time. From Santa Maria Novella come the heads of eight prophets by Andrea Orcagna, all that is left of a cycle of frescoes that was later replaced by the paintings of Domenico Ghirlandajo. Like the famous altarpiece in the Strozzi chapel of the same church, these frescoed portraits prove that, in addition to being a great sculptor, Orcagna was the most powerful Florentine painter between Giotto and Masaccio. Equally captivating, though in a different way, is the fragment of a scene which Gherardo Starnina (Masolino's master) painted for the chapel of Saint Jerome in the same Carmine which contains Masaccio's pioneering frescoes. This bookshelf from Jerome's study, painted by a man to whom Berenson, in his list, was unable to assign a single surviving work, again reminds us of the inequity of fate and the brittleness of artistic reputation. Also included in the exhibition are a number of decorative fragments from San Egidio, which are the sole remains of a once-famous cycle of murals begun by Domenico Veneziano and Piero della Francesca in 1439, continued by Andrea del Castagno in 1451, and later completed by Alessio Baldovinetti. Taken in their entirety, these treasures made the recent exhibition an event of prime importance.



Bernardino Poccetti, SAINT ANTHONY TAKES POSSESSION OF THE FLORENTINE CHURCH (sinopia) (from San Marco).

THE Mostra called attention to an intriguing technical aspect of the muralist's art: I mean the *sinopie*, the preliminary drawings which were put on the plastered wall by means of charcoal and ochre. Many of these designs were found underneath the frescoed layer in the process of detachment. With the help of the most elementary tools, the Trecento masters solved the problems of size, proportion and pictorial perspective in their own admirable way. In effect, the *sinopie* are direct illustrations of a process described at length by Cennino Cennini:

Then when the plaster is dry, take the charcoal, and draw and compose according to the scene or figures which you have to do; and take all your measurements carefully, snapping lines first, getting the centers of the spaces. . . . Then compose the scenes or figures with charcoal. . . . Then take a small, pointed bristle brush, and a little ochre without tempera, as thin as water, and proceed to copy and draw in your figures. . . . Then sweep the drawing free of the charcoal. . . . Then take a little sinoper without tempera, and with a fine pointed brush proceed to mark out noses, eyes, the hair, and all the accents and outlines of the figures.*

Of the two *sinopie* here reproduced, the first, dating from the last quarter of the fourteenth century, is executed entirely in sinoper. The finished fresco, which is shown on the opposite wall of the entrance hall, shows how important changes were often introduced in the actual process of painting. The second constitutes an example of the archaic use of *sinopie* in the late Cinquecento. It is in three colors (black, red and pale violet) and seems peculiarly modern in its architectural bareness and in the abstract treatment of the sketched-in figures. Forerunners of the *spolvero*, the *cartone* and the small-scale sketches, the *sinopie* are tangible proof of the amazing manual dexterity of the Trecento painters.

*Quoted here in the translation by Daniel V. Thompson, Jr., of Cennino d'Andrea Cennini's *The Craftsman's Handbook* (Dover Publications, New York).



The Three Trees; collection Mrs. Henry C. Taylor.

“OUT OF DEEPENING SHADOWS”:
THE ART OF
RALPH ALBERT BLAKELOCK

The whisper of his conviction seemed to open before me a vast and uncertain expanse, as of a crepuscular horizon on a plain at dawn—or was it, perchance, at the coming of night? One had not the courage to decide; but it was a charming, and deceptive light, throwing the impalpable poesy of its dimness over pitfalls—over graves.—Joseph Conrad, Lord Jim.

BY VERNON YOUNG

THE prevailing landscape of Ralph Blakelock, painted between 1873, roughly, and 1899, is a moonlit vista whereof the chief value derives from the melodic variations of the light itself as it determines and is modified by the compositional relations of the scene, usually wooded, which Blakelock manipulated with fine resourcefulness. It has been said of Blakelock, as of almost every American painter in the second half of the last century who managed a landscape with subtlety, that he was an Impressionist without knowing it. Only by accepting Impressionism on its loosest possible terms can this description be justified. Blakelock shared neither the method nor the intention (except insofar as his ultimate subject was light) of the French masters who were his contemporaries. He did not pre-mix his palette, nor did he employ adjacent spots of pure color, and his aim was clearly not the illusion of objects atomized by the permeation of hues. Although his trees, lake margins, distant hills and shadowed encampments (these just about comprise the images with which he worked) are consonant with fairly accurate observation, his subtlety in the arrangement of a few tones and reflections of color was far from "scientific," and it celebrated a more limited emotional gamut than those played on by the Impressionists. If a precedent for Blakelock is in question, he may be thought of as being, in his special way, closer to the atmospheric painters of the Barbizon group. His own version of the old masters' "scumble" may well have been arrived at, as Lloyd Goodrich has maintained,* by way of the crusty-impasto method of Monticelli or Diaz. The resemblance is all in Blakelock's favor, since the paintings of these men he could have seen in America are uninspired conceptually (nymphs-in-the-glade-alas), and poor in quality of surface. Personally, I've never seen a painting by either of these third-rate Watteaus, actual or reproduced, the effect of which I could conceive any painter considering worthy of emulation, especially if there were a Corot around for the same purpose. They are sentimentally sanguine, and repulsive to that faculty of the eye which imagines touch. The body of Monticelli's pigment, especially, reminds one of dried "Brown Betty" pudding, and his "mystery" is merely the absence of formal commitment. Blakelock's best paintings have an irresistible luminosity and an immense power of evocation arising from what he has precisely embodied, not from elements he might be imagined as having obscured or omitted. When he did employ shadowy Indians in Arcadian dells, after the fashion of Corot and his followers at their worst, he was more often than not sentimental.

The shimmering elusiveness in Blakelock's moonlit pastorals is a result not of our trying to guess what may be concealed or half suggested in their darkness, but in our tense wish for that moving shadow to shift further, for the light, already diffused through a network of oak leaves, to augment, as it swells, the form not yet illuminated directly to the rear, or below, near the viscous water; it is the quality of arrested light which his paintings embalm. They project a terrible stillness; they convey, with modulated iridescence, the maddening serenity one feels when surrounded by a lunar-flooded night, serenity in which there lurks an element of unbearable suspense. The Blakelock vision is direct yet ineffable: it stretches time to the breaking point. In a sense, it is monstrous: creatures of the day that we are, we feel this light to be un-natural, "un-real," for a lunar world is somehow an unmanned world, a mockery of that other realm of light which we know, from a naturalistic view, to be equally deceptive but which nonetheless—to all but a few weird mortals in our midst—has greater reassurance for our metabolism and our sense of cosmic security.

**Ralph Albert Blakelock*, by Lloyd Goodrich. Published in celebration of the Centennial of the City College of New York exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art, April 22-May 29, 1947. All factual material bearing on Blakelock's personal or artistic chronology in this article has been gratefully borrowed from Mr. Goodrich, the sole biographer and chief expert on this subject.

THE alleged monotony of Blakelock's art has been adduced from a limited acquaintance with it or from a limited appreciation of the remarkable variety of perspective and density he was able to achieve. If the most familiar of his paintings specialize in a hollow of light, more or less central, modeled by sun or moon within framing and often overlying thickets of trees above a pool, lake, river or glade, with recessions of undefined land rearward—an iconography in prominent fashion from Claude to the Hudson River painters—there remain many not so designed. Between 1867, the year following his abrupt departure from what is now City College—he left in his second year—and 1873, when he had made possibly two extensive journeys through the Wild West, Blakelock showed landscapes at the National Academy, realistic in detail but all of them depicting desolation, either natural or man-made. His painting of a tumble of shanties at 55th Street and Seventh Avenue (!) is a delightful shock to our historical ignorance, besides being unusual in the Blakelock continuity. The subject of the Worcester Museum's *Near Manhattan Beach* may have been observed at this period, but probably not painted before his return from the West when he began the practice of enclosing his signature within an arrowhead. It is notable for its bare simplicity of statement: neither a mood piece nor reportage, but a study in latitude, admirably managed on a panel only five by ten inches. The single house in the distance, the solitary sailboat, the empty barrel in the foreground, the stretch of dessicated beach under an empty sky: these are the unsensational elements of a Courbet. Open space was rarely a feature of his later painting; it is not the least curious aspect of his career that the result of his Western excursions issued in a *resistance*, rather than a susceptibility, to large spaces. Like Alexander Wyant, who suffered what appears to have been a traumatic paralysis after his wilderness expedition, Blakelock returned from the hard, bright primeval horizons of the West to Eastern twilight and to a corresponding twilight of experience until those terrible years when the only light there was, for him, glowed from his canvases or, perhaps, from deep within the groves of his otherwise darkened mind.

Exceptional to this enclosure tendency are a few open-horizon Indian Encampments (there are many of his pictures so named); one of them, particularly, is a crystal-clear magnitude of sky and low horizon line, with two rows of Indian tents receding infinitely, it would seem, toward a suggestion of barren mountains in the distance. *Peace Among the Nations* is very likely an earlier version of this motif, with a dark foreground tree to one side and two seated Indians used to establish the frontal planes; such a framing device in the later pictures was probably dictated as much by a claustrophobic necessity of the spirit as by any need for enforcing structure. *The Three Trees* is an ingenious example of Blakelock's open-form manner; it compares astonishingly well with Rembrandt's etching, *Landscape with Three Oaks*, and with Van Gogh's *The Three Trees*. In the Rembrandt, the trees stand, virtually in the same plane, in the right half of the picture, forming a composite vertical accent, dramatized by the severity of the horizon lines behind and by the diagonal symmetry of rain shafts in the opposite corner. In the Van Gogh the opposing movements of the ground-swell under the centered tree clump support the tension which is the picture's controlling principle. The Blakelock painting has more subtle, certainly less linear, devices of balance (I am urging no other comparison here). The rear horizon of water is broken by light, a distant spit of low land with a lighthouse to the left gently breaks the blurred space which recedes from the foreground, and within this tenebrous atmosphere the three trees are spaced in oblique Indian file, decreasing in size as they retreat toward the right of the frame, which is anchored by a fragment of black tree and a form which may be a boat. The degree of moonlight caged in the foliage of each tree is the essence of the painting's magic.

THE ART OF RALPH ALBERT BLAKELOCK



Moonlight Sonata; courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

TONALITY and delicately fretted or broken mass are the dominant virtues of Blakelock's art. The lovely open-center compositions with two pools of graded light, as in *Diana's Mirror* or the green-cast *Moonlight Sonata* (Boston), are studies in suffusion, whereas the small *Evening at the Spring* (recently in the possession of the Babcock Galleries) is a mottled composite of green and russet with red and blue accents toning to turquoise, a concentrate of jeweled hummocks with a ceramic-like surface. Although there are Blakelocks with roughly knifed surfaces, very sketchy, their leafage like burnt cork, and sometimes interestingly Expressionist (I was shown a small one in the storeroom of the Metropolitan which was indistinguishable from a Ryder), his forte was the built-up, carefully finished thing, and the interplay of limited tonalities, with pumiced exposures of the underpainting (which he had sometimes roughened with a skewer), procured his most brilliant effects. One would like to know if the Brooklyn Museum's *Edge of the Forest* was painted by Blakelock at an early date in a less moody and somewhat photographic fashion, since ultraviolet examination has revealed two stages of repainting in the tree areas. As it is, the painting presents a disturbing lack of har-

mony between its clarity of detail, such as the shingling of the roof, and its abstract coloration—the intensely negative green of the sky and the glowing “russet mantle” which enfolds the dejected profile of the lone house. It does seem unlikely that Blakelock took to painting solid habitations in his last conscious decade, that is, between the eighties and 1899. The conquest of the Blakelock landscape by light I would take to be the distinguishing mark of his “final period,” but I confess my presumption in this matter. We know from the few extant dated paintings that the early representational pictures of the New York area and of the West were followed by a more poetic realism wherein Blakelock worked for illusion of depth while conserving a degree of observed particularity in the detail. Since we also know that the Indian figures, used semi-anecdotally in such paintings as *The Necklace* and *The Captive*, became progressively insubstantial over a twenty-year period until, in *The Pipe Dance* (Metropolitan), he abandoned his attempt “to make them dance,” it is perhaps not too risky a supposition that the marvelous skyscapes, like the *Woods*, *Moonlight*, and others pictured in the Moulton and Ricketts catalogue (Chicago, 1913), were indeed among his

last. Of those represented in Moulton and Ricketts, *The Last Rays* and *Lightning and Storm* have an abstract vehemence not to be found in any other Blakelocks I know. Sunset and lightning confound the silhouetted trees and masses of land, and in the latter painting a delirium of vapor crowds the incandescence. These and many others which I would presume to have been painted much later than either of the "classic" Moonlights of the Metropolitan and Brooklyn museums, when beaten gold seems to surge up from secret caverns to saturate the benighted air—these one could fancy the equivalents of a concerted sostenuto of violins in a Sibelius tone poem, as at the close of *Night Ride and Sunrise*, for instance.

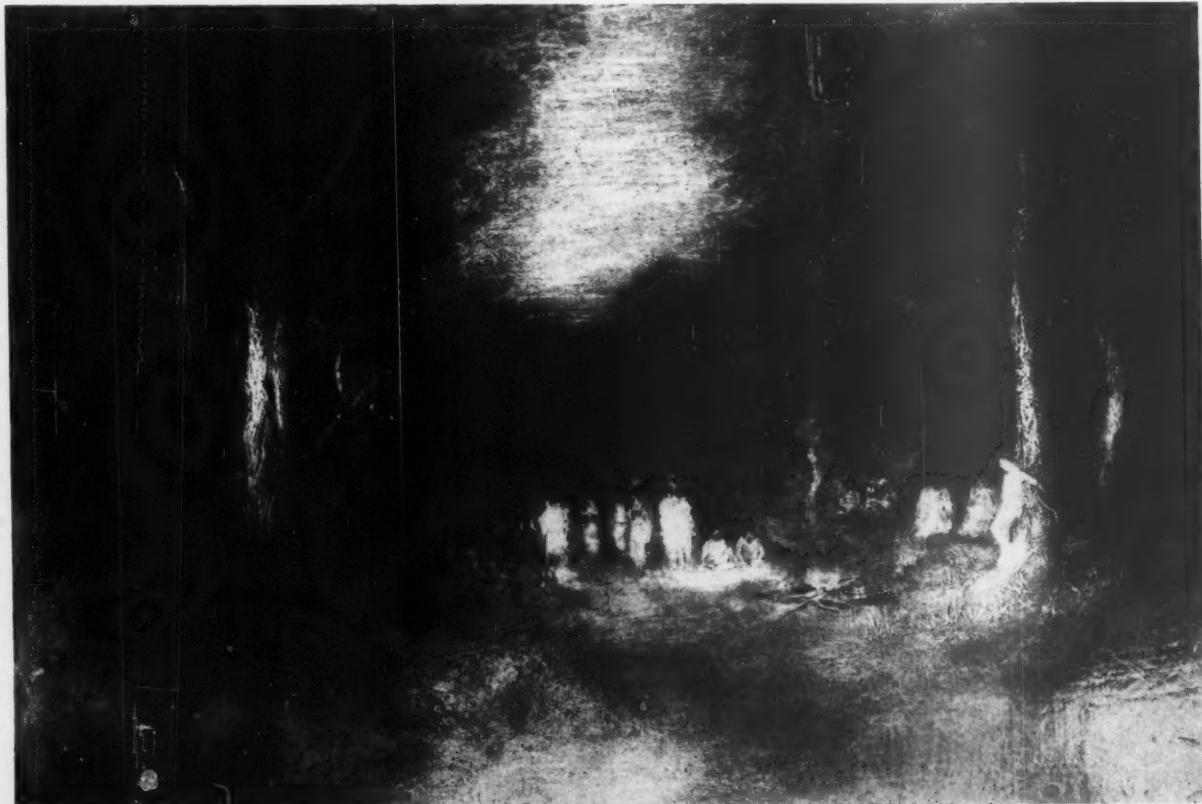
I am content to call Blakelock a Symbolist, for his landscapes seem to me finally the counterparts of an interior refuge, lost pastorals possibly recalled from the more clement interludes of his life in the West. The brightness touched with melancholy of these imaginary encampments, accented by flashes of vigor and hope—the mounted Indian brave of *The Chase* (Worcester), the deer that bounds into the amber light (*Out of Deepening Shadows*, Princeton)—may well have requited him, before the end, for the burdened, lagging misery of his penurious New York existence. (He had a wife and eventually nine children, and rarely in his twenty-seven years of painting did he receive a hundred dollars for a canvas.) There are no birds in a Blakelock landscape, even where daylight realism is ostensibly intended, and this is more significant than it may sound if you haven't, on this account, examined landscape paintings by the hundred in search of birds! I know of no other painter save Ryder, who was clearly not concerned with terrestrial phenomena, who didn't, if in only a few of his landscapes, include a bird—but Blakelock, never!

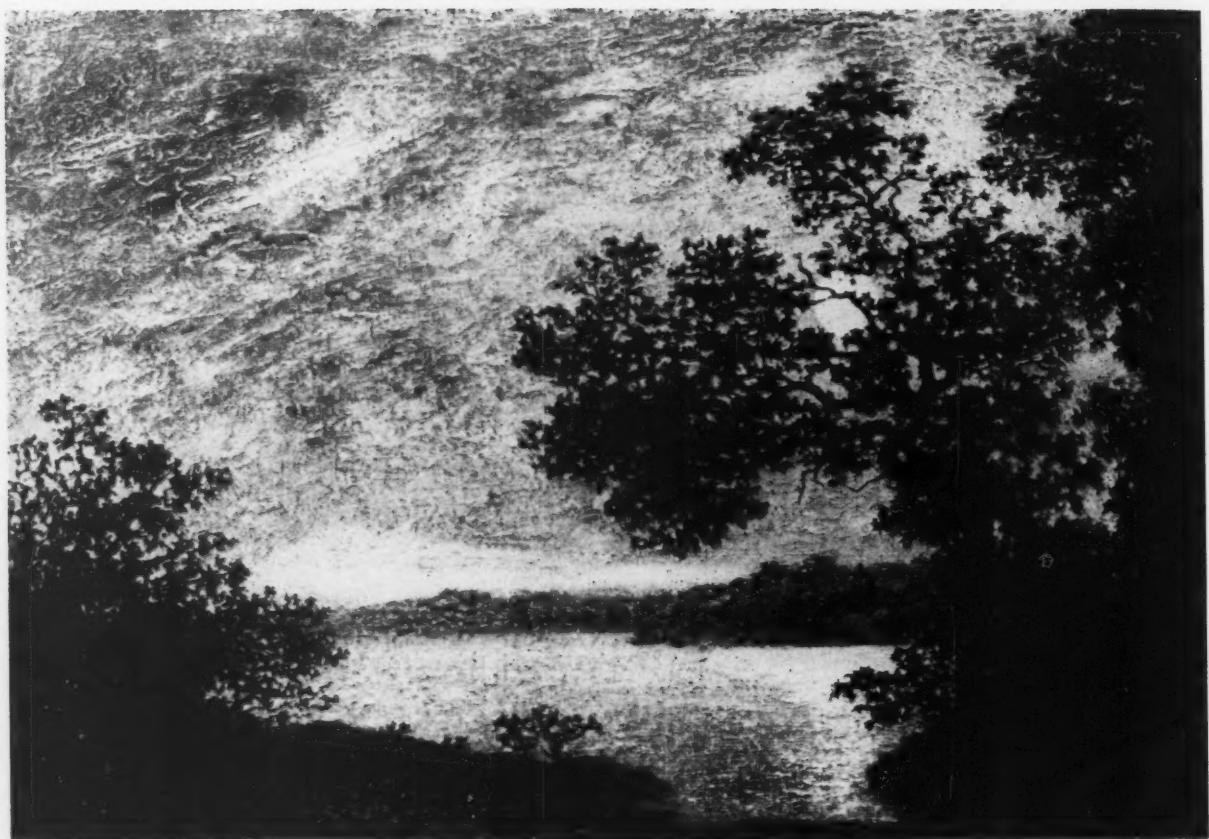
BLAKELOCK was one of the minor visionaries, a modest, integrated talent, like Campion, Vaughan or Beddoes in poetry. Too often judged by his lesser work, like Daubigny or Théodore Rousseau, he is distinctive within the world of symbol-landscape painting. Among Americans of the Romantic era there were none better, I think. A half-dozen or so

Ryders are superior in imaginative form, but in Ryder generally there was always something of the uncouth primitive who chose to remain ignorant of means, and many of his paintings have a sermonizing vulgarity absent from Blakelock's work. Inness was a more resourceful painter of nature in a variety of daylight moods, but he always seems to me rather banal in his sentiment; he never felt beyond a deep-grass, trumpet-sky bucolic lyricism. The best of Blakelock appeals to our deepest poetic apprehension, whereas the ideal appreciator of an Inness pastoral would be a contented cow. A fair estimation of Blakelock's limits would most effectively be revealed by exhibiting any one of his finer paintings reproduced here, in the company of, for example, Fragonard's *Shady Grove*, Aert van de Neer's *The Farrier*, and a "Ville d'Avray" Corot (all can be seen at the Metropolitan), Washington Allston's *Moonlit Landscape* (which, as it happens, occupies the same gallery in Boston as the *Moonlight Sonata*), an Inness and a Ryder. The small, distinguished subject, especially if it is disquieting—today one would suppose a Blakelock to strike anyone as conservative—is forever a liability on the American scene. Violent inventiveness and size are always quicker applauded than harmonic adaptation and unobtrusive scope—which is not surprising in an age whose most vital impulses are mirrored in Expressionism. Whether for this reason or others, official posterity has been scarcely less begrudging to Blakelock than his contemporaries.

The standard references serve Blakelock with a few ungenerous concessions: a minor eccentric who was too traditional to be dazzling and who perversely went mad, worth noting for this circumstance mainly. E. P. Richardson's *Painting in America* (Crowell, 1956) is the latest compendium to toll Blakelock's bell in an *en passant* paragraph, and without bothering to supply the painter's full name. In his preface to *Romantic Painting in America* (Museum of Modern Art, 1943) James Thrall Soby seems to credit Blakelock with having shared "the Romantic creed" which "included among its tenets a respect for madness as a divine and mysterious state." The exact degree of Blakelock's personal complicity with this view Mr. Soby

The Captive; courtesy Brooklyn Museum.





Moonlight; courtesy Carnegie Institute.

THE ART OF RALPH ALBERT BLAKELOCK

does not clarify, and I doubt if he can, since all the evidence we have would declare it shamefully false. We are all wise psychologists of the defeats of others, and we have been provided with many plausible aphorisms to spare ourselves pain in the face of those defeats: "Character is fate"—"Everything that happens to a man is intrinsically like the man it happens to"—"What porridge had John Keats?"—"The sins of the father are visited . . ." Determinism has become a weapon of corporate liberalism, whereby the sensitive outlaw can be whipped as a self-indulgent neurotic. We have no grounds for inferring that Blakelock had any inherent strain of insanity or any desire for its alleged felicities; we have every ground for recognizing that he was, in a truer sense than Artaud applied the term to Van Gogh, "the artist suicided by society." No doubt Blakelock drank more than he could afford to, in more ways than one; no doubt his idyllic and haunted paintings represented a flight from the harsh realities of a time and place he could experience only as ugly, though no complaint from his lips has come down to us; no doubt at all that his lunar obsessiveness was a mirror not simply of his talent but of a tragic flaw in his psyche—which, in fact, we'd never guess if we weren't privy to his history! Nonetheless, compassion is still not the most contemptible of human virtues. And if it may be said that some are born mad, some achieve madness and some have madness thrust upon them, Blakelock was certainly of the lattermost persuasion.

GRANT that his art was either too subtle or for other reasons insufficiently impressive to dealers who had made Alfred Bierstadt wealthy and paid vast sums (by comparison) for the

paintings of Alvin Fisher, John Casilear, Frederick Church and George Inness. Allow for the normal bad luck of an unknown lyrical painter of over forty in a hardheaded, literal society. Still the fact remains that Blakelock wasn't simply ignored: he was cheated. Rich men who were canny enough to collect his pictures at all knew that he was customarily in straitened circumstances, to put it softly, and they gouged him systematically, with malice and greed aforethought. In 1891, Catholina Lambert, a wealthy Paterson manufacturer who had bought Blakelocks before, refused to pay the artist, who was then especially desperate, more than half of the thousand dollars which Blakelock expected—with what warrant, in this instance, there is no record—for a painting he took to him. As a result, Blakelock suffered a premonitory outbreak of violence during which he burned up a number of dollars in currency. The attack was temporary, but symptoms of derangement, less violent, ensued; he cultivated a marked eccentricity of costume, grew a beard and long hair and wore a dagger (he would be merely fashionable in many quarters today). These "aberrations" were not calculated to gain him a reputation for dependability, nor did they mollify the landlords of Harlem and Brooklyn, through the purlieus of which the Blakelock family moved in descending circles of economy, the painter obsessed by that succession of tomorrows when he would be able to support them with his art, while he painted far too many pictures for his own secure artistic development. The tomorrow never came, and the incident of 1899 which, report assures us, broke the tether of his endurance, is as nasty a sample of man's deliberate inhumanity to man as we have in the annals of art. Another "wealthy collector" balked at a

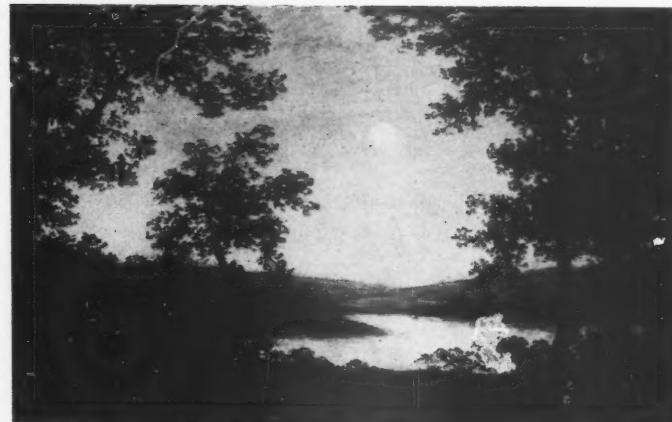
price asked by Blakelock, offering him half the sum. When Blakelock protested, the collector told him that if he didn't accept the figure and then returned later, the price would be halved again. The desperate painter tried selling the picture elsewhere, with no success. Returning plaintively to the collector, he found him as good as his word; the price was knocked down. The 1891 outbreak was repeated; Blakelock was discovered, utterly demented, tearing up the money he had received. This time his recovery took longer. It took seventeen years . . . He was removed first to the Long Island Hospital, then to Middletown, New York, suffering from the delusion that he was as rich as Croesus. *He was pushed too far.* Is there any other way of saying it?

No sooner was the wretched man out of the way than the paintings which he had been unable to sell before or which he was squeezed into selling for a pittance became assets of extraordinary value and interest. The highest auction price paid for a Blakelock before 1900 was \$150. In that year \$400 and \$750 were paid. Both the value and the collectors' interest continued to mount. Sums of \$750 and \$1,200 were paid for Blakelocks at the Moulton and Ricketts auction in 1913, and one, the present Carnegie Institute *Moonlight*, fetched \$13,900—according to Mr. Goodrich, the highest auction price which had then been paid for the work of a "living" American. And this very painting Watrous, a friend of Blakelock, had once prevented the artist from selling for fifty dollars by personally giving him five hundred for it! (Watrous managed to sell it for six hundred and gave Blakelock the difference.) Three years later the picture was bought by the Carnegie Institute for \$6,300. *Brook by Moonlight*, for which Lambert had declined to pay a thousand, went to the Toledo Museum for \$20,000. As early as 1903, Blakelocks which had never existed suddenly appeared in profusion, and to this day fakes are as numerous as his authenticated works.

HIDEOUSNESS pursued the Blakelock family with all the implacable irony of a melodrama written by heartless gods. One of his daughters began painting and found a ready market; her signature was altered and her paintings sold as her father's, whereupon, in horror, she gave up painting altogether. Under the strain of helping to support the family—which was by this time living in a one-room house in the Catskills, barely able to meet the \$50-a-year rent (and unable, at one period, any of them, to visit Blakelock, for want of carfare)—she too broke down and was sent to a sanatorium, a year before her father was released as cured. Under the organization of a social lioness, a large sum of money had been raised, it was claimed, to assist Mrs. Blakelock and the possible future of the estranged artist. Neither Blakelock nor his wife ever fingered a penny of the money.

The Rip van Winkle experience of the painter's brief return to the world, in 1917, is something only the imagination can fully supply. We learn only that the sixty-nine-year-old man was alternately delighted and amazed by the technological changes wrought in his absence, that he was an infallible verifier of his own paintings, and that besides the trifling idiosyncrasy of giving people small landscapes on paper, painted to look like million-dollar bills, he was lucid. Lucid enough to realize what had happened to his life, and to what extent his past had been exploited; whether this realization or factors more organic operated to return him to oblivion we don't know. But return he did, and an enterprising student from Ohio, whose dark hints have been communicated to this writer, may make a further harrowing disclosure of Blakelock's final years. Suffice it to say here that he was returned to Middletown in November, 1918, and re-released for what proved to be a month only, in the summer of 1919.

Under the trees the shadows deepen, the deer leap for cover and the Indian encampments have vanished. But around the impalpable margins, brazen light, sourceless and ambiguous, envelops the scene with an ambience which is at once intimate and abysmal. "I saw Eternity the other night."



Moonlight on the Columbia River; courtesy Babcock Gallery.



Lake in Moonlight; courtesy Milch Galleries.

The Necklace; courtesy Milch Galleries.





Pierre Bonnard, STILL LIFE WITH CAT.

THE LURCY COLLECTION

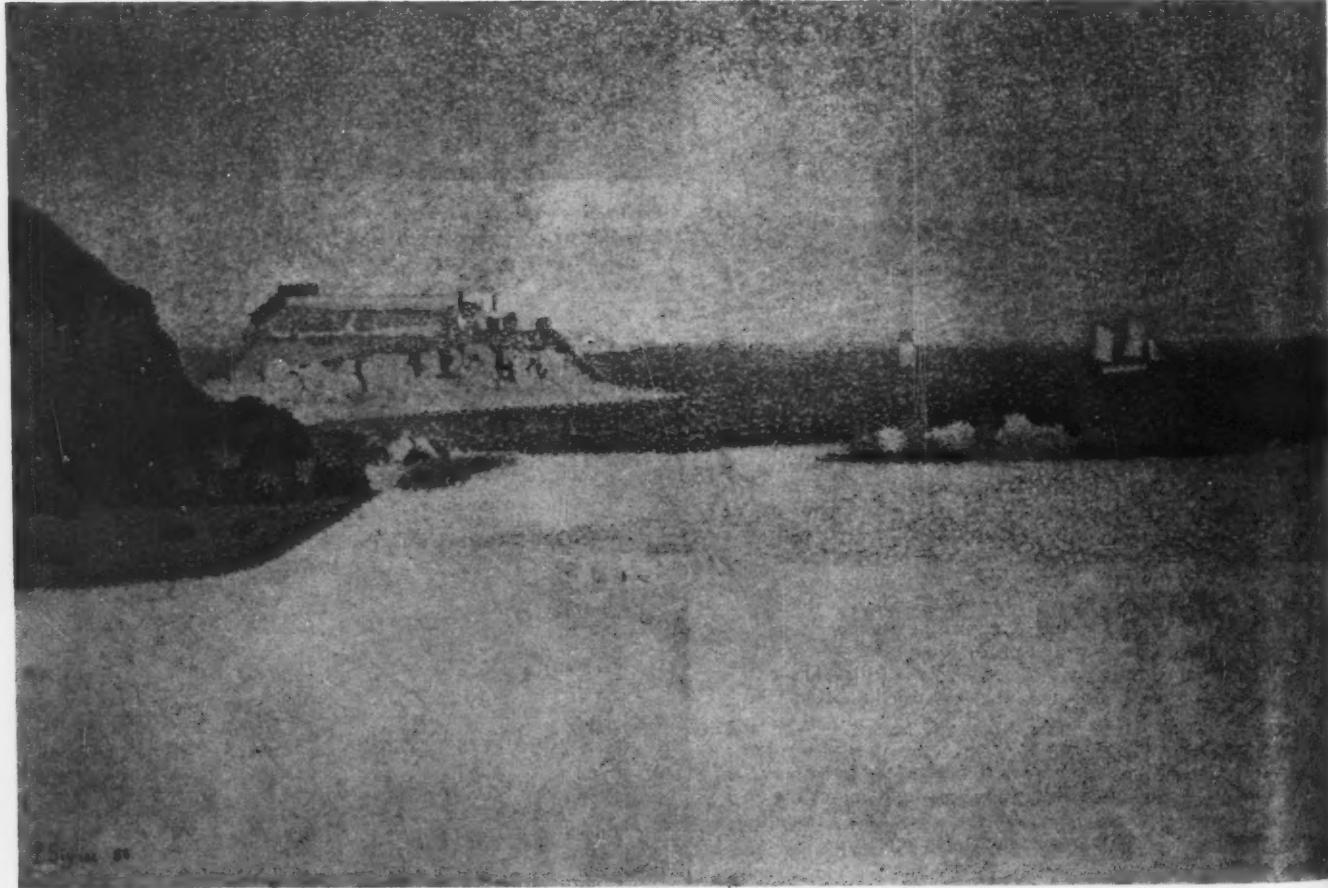
Its coming dispersal at Parke-Bernet promises a major event in the art market.

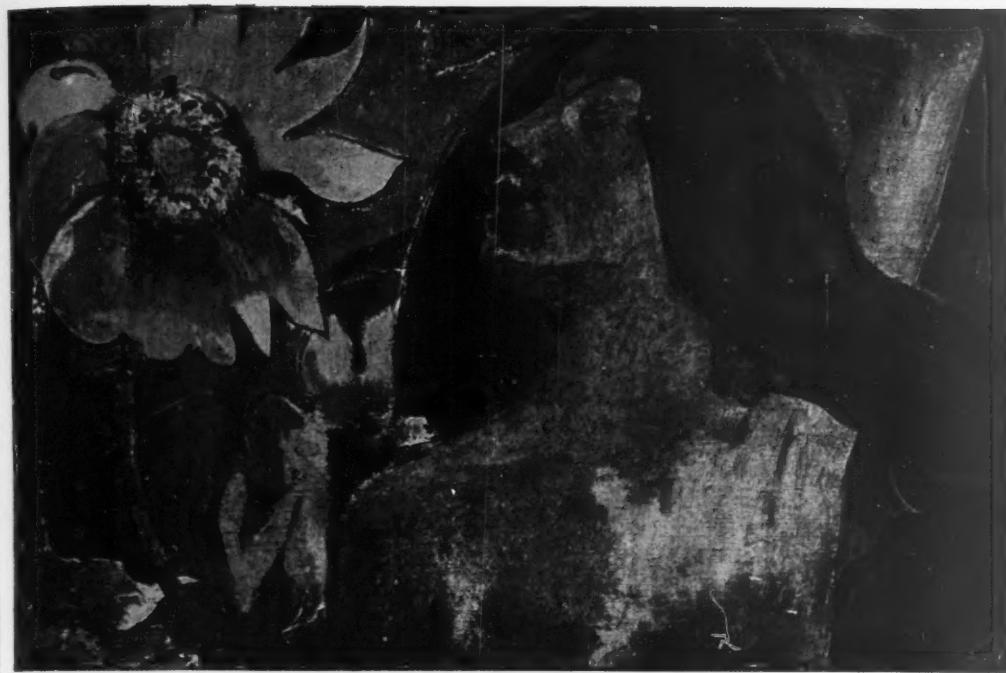
IN A sale that promises to be memorable in the perspective of decades rather than of seasons, no less than seventy Impressionist and School of Paris paintings from the art collection of the late Georges Lurcy will pass under the auctioneer's gavel at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York during the month of November. Included in the assemblage are major works by Renoir, Monet, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Boudin, Pissarro, Degas and Sisley. Among the twentieth-century artists represented are Bonnard, Vuillard, Utrillo, Dufy, Braque, Derain, Vlaminck, Matisse, Picasso and Soutine.

Announcement of the auction has already stirred the interest of collectors in Europe and Latin America as well as in this country. According to Mr. Leslie A. Hyam, President of the Parke-Bernet Galleries, the sale will constitute "a milestone in the history of American auctions, comparable to the dispersal of the Cognacq collection in Paris in 1952, and may be

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Paul Signac, BEACH SCENE, SAINT-BRIEUC.



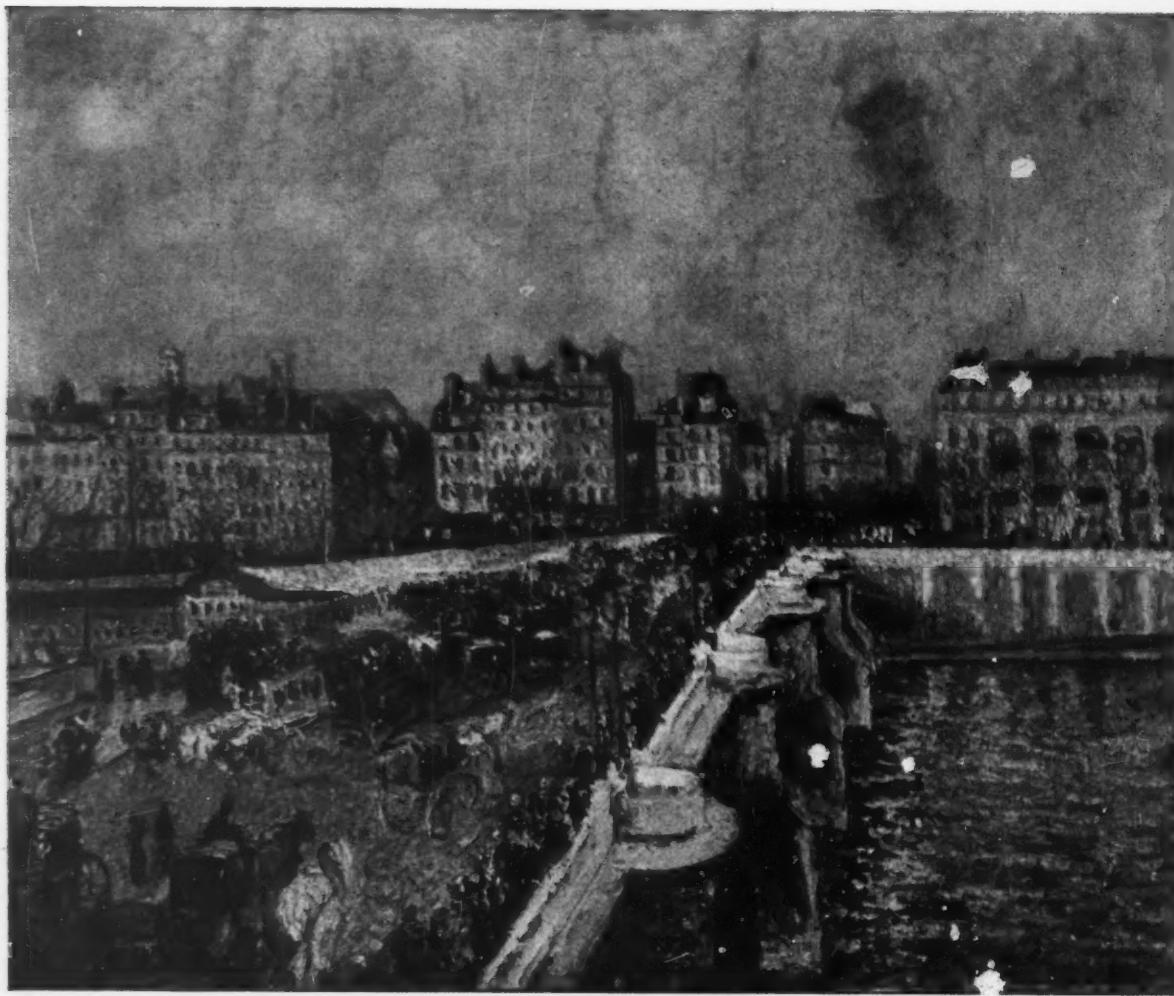


*Paul Gauguin,
WOMAN WITH RED VEIL
AND SUNFLOWERS.*



*Edouard Vuillard,
IN THE TUILLERIES.*

THE LURCY COLLECTION



Camille Pissarro, THE PONT-NEUF, PARIS.

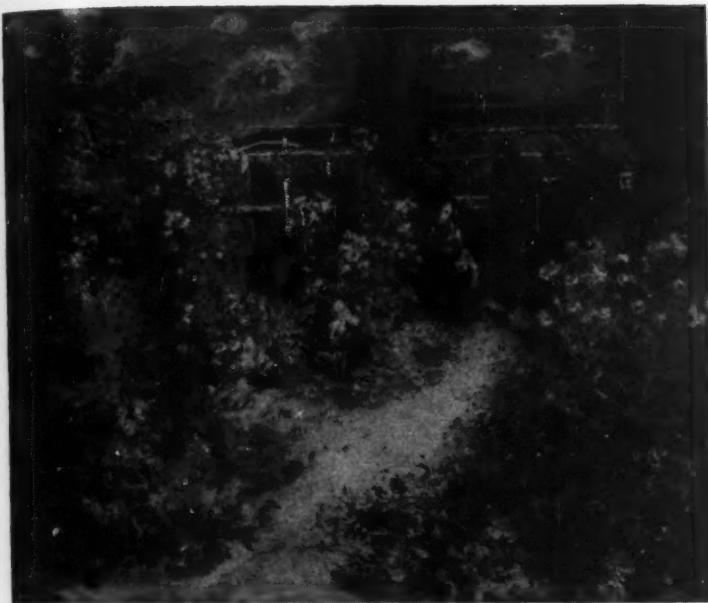
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expected to set a new and higher scale of values for the greatest works from the Impressionists to the modern School of Paris."

Mr. Lurcy, international banker and partner in the firm of Halle and Stieglitz, assembled his collection over a period of more than thirty years. Paris-born, he came to this country in 1940; he died in 1953. Buying both in the United States and abroad, he purchased important works gradually and judiciously, often eliminating and upgrading when he could find a superior work of the same origin. The executors of his estate have requested Parke-Bernet to publish a special two-volume catalogue which will form a permanent reference work as well as a memorial of his connoisseurship.

In addition to paintings, Mr. Lurcy brought together an extraordinary collection of French eighteenth-century furniture—accompanied by fine Sèvres and Meissen porcelains, art objects in *bronze doré*, sculptures, Chinese porcelains, Italian majolica and Oriental rugs.

The paintings will be auctioned on the evening of November 7, while the furniture and art objects will be offered on the afternoons of November 8 and 9. The full collection will be on public exhibition at the Parke-Bernet Galleries starting November 2.



Auguste Renoir, LA SERRE.

Edgar Degas, BALLET-RUSSE DANCERS.



Eugène Boudin, BEACH AT DEAUVILLE.

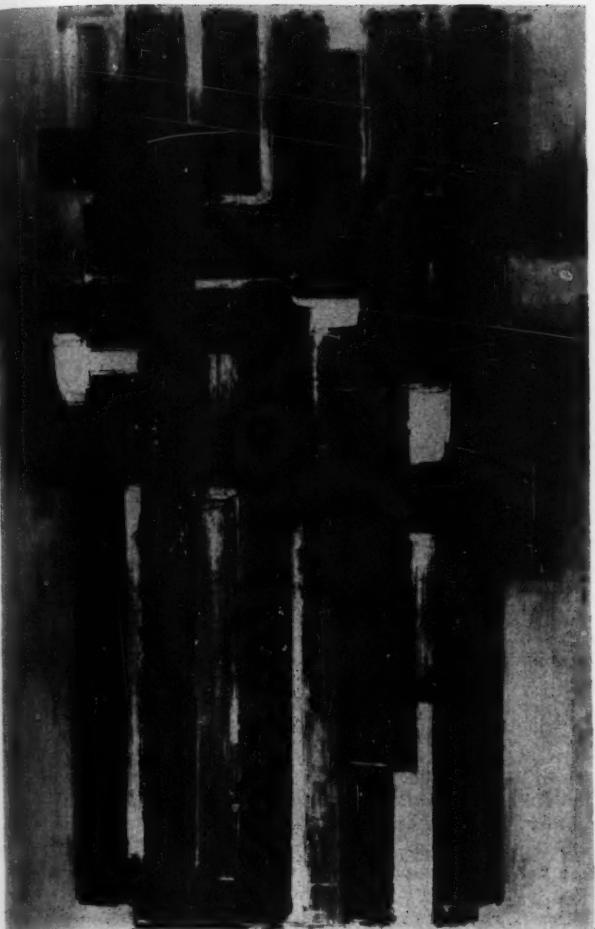


*A distinguished French selection
begins a six-month American tour.*

PAINTINGS FROM THE MUSEE D'ART MODERNE

Fernand Léger, HOMAGE TO LOUIS DAVID (1948-9)





Pierre Soulages, COMPOSITION (1956).



Nicolas de Staél, THE ROOFS (1952).

In Boston a particularly brilliant season will begin on October 2 when the Institute of Contemporary Art presents "Paintings from the Musée National d'Art Moderne." (The following week the Boston Museum of Fine Arts will launch its program with "European Masters of Our Time"; see pages 36-39.) The Institute exhibition comprises forty works from France's renowned treasury of contemporary art. Conceived by Institute Director Thomas M. Messer, the show was organized in collaboration with H. Harvard Arnason, Gordon B. Washburn and Mahonri S. Young, Directors respectively of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, the Fine Arts Department of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh and the Gallery of Fine Arts in Columbus, Ohio—museums which will be hosts to the French collection after the showing at Boston.

"We have included in our selection the best works of art in our possession," declares Bernard Dorival, Curator of the Musée National d'Art Moderne, in his foreword to the exhibition catalogue. Among the choices are Picasso's *The Milliner's Workshop*, Léger's *Homage to Louis David*, De La Fresnaye's *The Armored Warrior* and De Staél's *The Roofs*, works of huge dimension entailing special difficulties in transport. They join such treasured paintings as Rouault's *The Apprentice Worker* and Picasso's *Torso of a Woman*, which have never before left the Paris museum. Also featured are a number of recent acquisitions, notably two nudes by Matisse and Marquet and Dufy's gouache series, *The Fairy of Electricity*, which

Parisians themselves have scarcely had an opportunity to view.

Organized to present a panorama of twentieth-century French painting, the exhibition includes all the acknowledged masters from Bonnard and Vuillard to Miró. American museum-goers, however, will undoubtedly bring a special attention to bear on the works of the younger painters, for whom inclusion in this show constitutes a near-consecration—Marcel Gromaire, Nicolas de Staél, Jean Bazaine, Edouard Pignon, Alfred Manessier, Roger Bissière, Gustave Singier, Marie-Hélène Vieira da Silva and Pierre Soulages.

Itinerary of the Paris Selection

Boston, Massachusetts

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, October 2-November 17

Columbus, Ohio

COLUMBUS GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, December 1-January 1

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, January 15-February 15

Minneapolis, Minnesota

WALKER ART CENTER, March 1-April 15

*Their works make their own case
in a straightforward exhibition at Boston.*

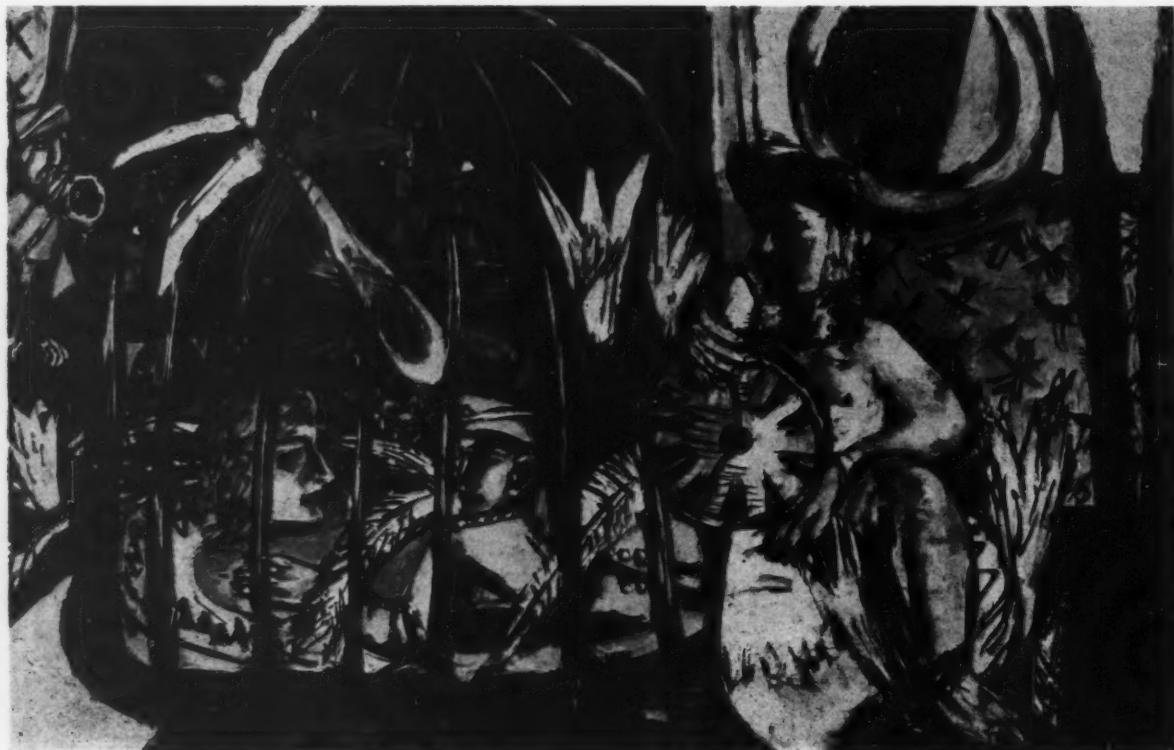
EUROPEAN MASTERS OF OUR TIME

"European Masters of Our Time," at once a remarkably ambitious and remarkably unassuming exhibition, will shortly bring to Boston's Museum of Fine Arts an impressive aggregate of masterpieces ranging through the numerous schools that have marked the artistic effort of Western civilization in the first half of our century. Opening on October 11 and continuing until November 17, the exhibition will offer some hundred paintings and forty sculptures assembled through two years of negotiation by Director Perry T. Rathbone. The majority of the works derive from American collections, both institutional and private, but Mr. Rathbone has also drawn upon collections in Holland, Switzerland, Germany and England.

Perhaps the most pronounced characteristic of "European Masters of Our Time" is its breadth and variety. Fifty-five artists are represented, and their relationship often seems tenuous, not only within nationalities but within individual schools as well. The impression of variety has not been deliberately imposed on the exhibition; rather it is a natural reflection of what Mr. Rathbone calls the "lack of a basic unity in the art of our time, the characteristic most conspicuous in comparison with the art of any other period." Enlarging on the point in his introduction to the catalogue, he declares that "the artist, more and more thrown upon his own resources by society, has found his principal motivation in expressing himself. Art in the twentieth century has become as various as individuals." In the Boston show no attempt has been made to select works

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Max Beckmann, SOLDIER'S DREAM; collection Mr. and Mrs. Frederick V. Ferber, Jr., Chevy Chase, Maryland.



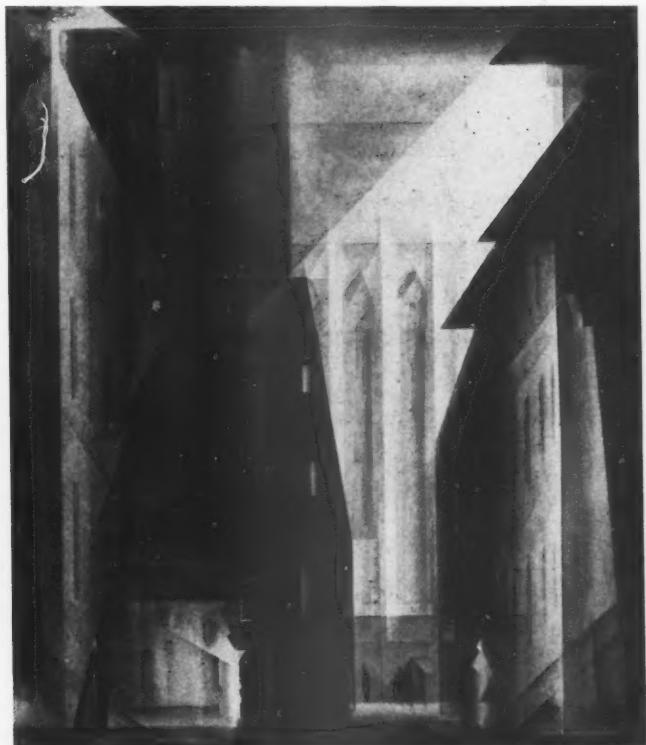


Oscar Kokoschka, COURMAYEUR; Phillips collection, Washington, D.C.

Hans Arp, THE SHELL; collection Mrs. Culver Orswell, Pomfret Center, Connecticut.



Lyonel Feininger, CHURCH OF THE MINORITES II; collection Walker Art Center, Minneapolis.





Henri Matisse, THE EGYPTIAN CURTAIN; Phillips collection, Washington, D.C.

EUROPEAN MASTERS OF OUR TIME

as emblematic of any particular trend or artistic doctrine. The exhibition simply presents notable achievements by those painters and sculptors who, in the opinion of an eminent specialist, have contributed most profoundly to our age.

The earliest work in the assemblage is the "Douanier" Rousseau's *Carnival Evening* (1886); the latest is Nicolas de Staél's *Rue Gauguet* (1949). Between them stand works—from France, Germany, Italy, Holland, England and Belgium—which, as they appeared, gradually imposed the acceptance of a new concept of visual expression. Most amply represented is Picasso, with eight canvases and two sculptures. Matisse follows with seven paintings and two sculptures. Klee has no less than eight works in the show, Beckmann six, Braque five, and Gris, Léger,

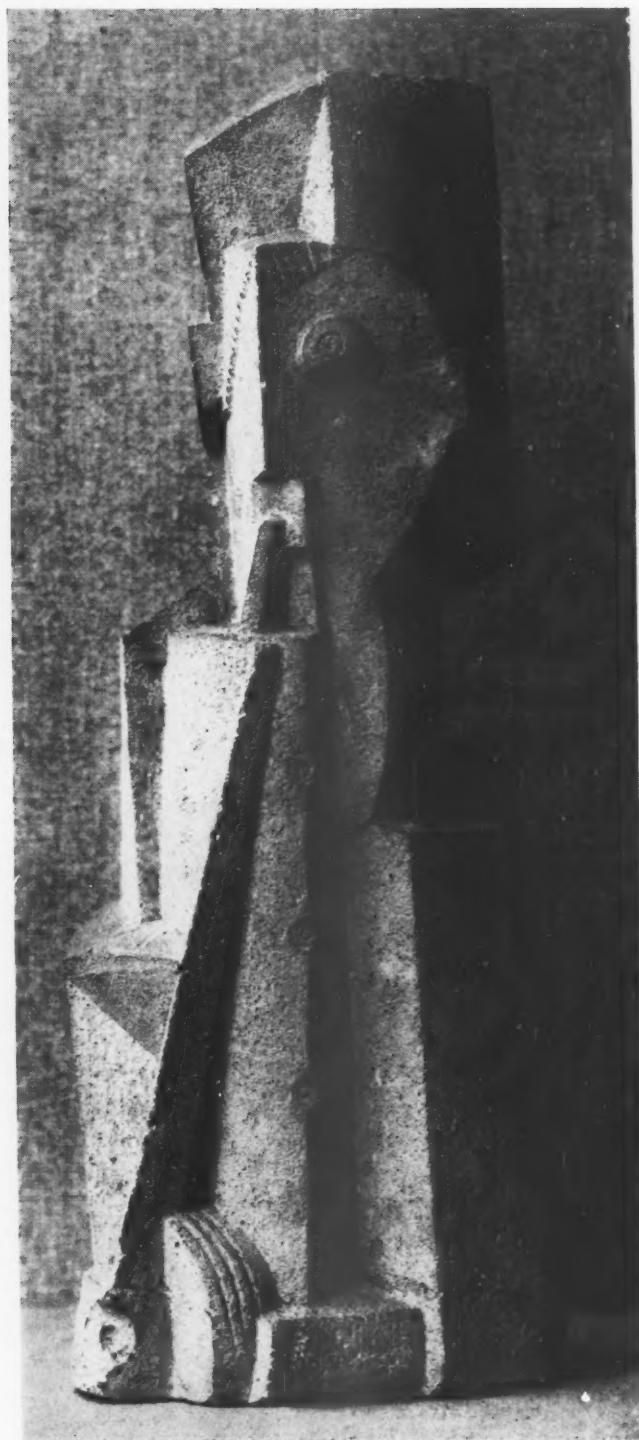
Kirchner and Nolde four. Munch has only two and Mondrian one, but Mr. Rathbone warns that practical difficulties have prevented giving certain artists their merited representation. In sculpture Brancusi takes the foremost position, followed by Lehmbruck and Marini.

Although varied and often conflicting trends have not been disguised or forced into a pattern, the exhibition nonetheless communicates a sense of development in the art of the twentieth century. All works in the exhibition are illustrated in a handsomely produced catalogue, the sculpture integrated with the paintings in a generally chronological order, and a number of the illustrations appear in a happy juxtaposition that permits singularly revealing comparisons.



Gaudier-Brzeska, SEATED FIGURE; collection Mr. Wesson Bull, Newport, Rhode Island.

Pierre Bonnard, BEFORE THE MIRROR; collection Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Juvelier, New York.



Henri Laurens, MAN WITH CLARINET; collection Mr. G. David Thompson, Pittsburgh.

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Female Nude (late 1910); Louise and Walter Arensberg collection, Philadelphia Museum of Art.

PICASSO AT SEVENTY-FIVE

Viewed as an artist rather than a phenomenon, he presents a career of unequal achievement.

BY CLEMENT GREENBERG

PICASSO is one of the greatest artists of all time. But do his most extravagant admirers actually say that? To treat an artist as a prodigy of nature whose activity does not brook the weighing, qualifying and comparing proper to criticism is to avoid trying to place his art in relation to other art; it means exalting him as a phenomenon rather than as a master artist. And to refuse to discriminate seriously among his various works and periods is to insure that he remains a phenomenon—one whose work is received not as art, but as something that gets its value from being the product of a phenomenon, or of a personality that happens to be a phenomenon.¹ By now Picasso's High Cubism lies far enough in the past for us to see without risk of being dazzled, that it is one of the great achievements of our tradition of art. And he himself has been on the scene long enough for us to begin to realize that, though his art may be unique in quality, it is not unique in kind, and has its ups and downs like the art of any other mortal. The huge retrospective show at the Museum of Modern Art this past summer² in celebration of Picasso's seventy-fifth anniversary practically made a point of showing us this.

¹This is precisely the attitude toward their own work that is attributed—quite wrongly, but with much indignation—to the Abstract-Expressionist painters.

²Editor's Note: The exhibition is now en route for Chicago, where it will be on display at the Art Institute from October 29 to December 8.

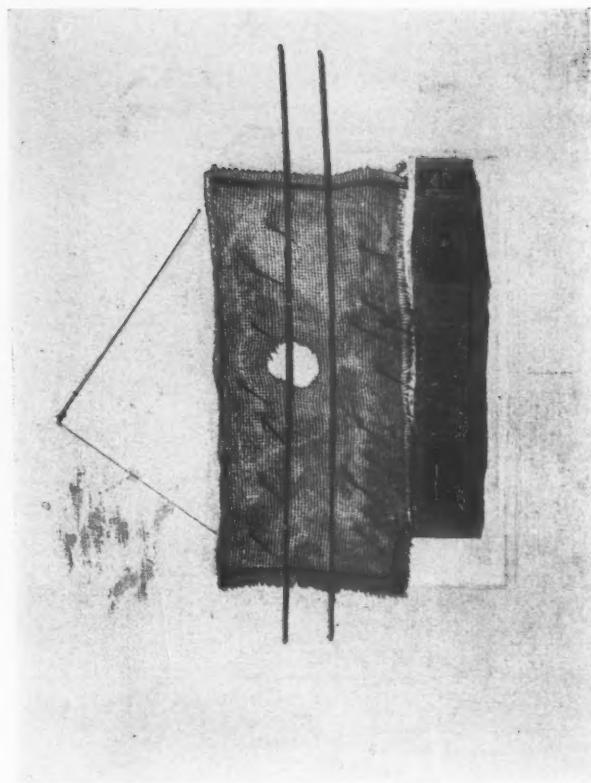
Picasso entered art as one of a generation of great painters in or of France, following on several such generations. Some time during the 1920's his art, like that of other eminent painters in his own and even in the previous generation, was overtaken by a crisis. Braque, for whom the crisis came earliest, during the war, half-recovered from it between 1928 and 1933; Matisse came out of it only after the second war; Léger never recovered from it; nor has Picasso yet. On the contrary, Picasso's crisis, which had set in in 1927 or 1928, deepened after 1938, and the Museum of Modern Art show, by concentrating on his production since the *Guernica* mural of 1937, emphasizes the fact.

Picasso has continued to paint successful pictures, and with much greater frequency after 1938 than in the ten years before, but the paradox is explained by the lowering of the terms of his success after 1938, since when he has also painted many, many very bad pictures, many more of them, and much worse, than the well-chosen Museum show would give one to suspect. Before the war the crisis of Picasso's art was mainly one of realization. His development had continued even if it was no longer fulfilled in works of absolute quality. But then he stopped developing, and the crisis turned into one of conception, ambition and level instead of realization or execution. As far as fundamental quality was concerned, the last, and largest, section of the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition was in abrupt contrast to what went before.

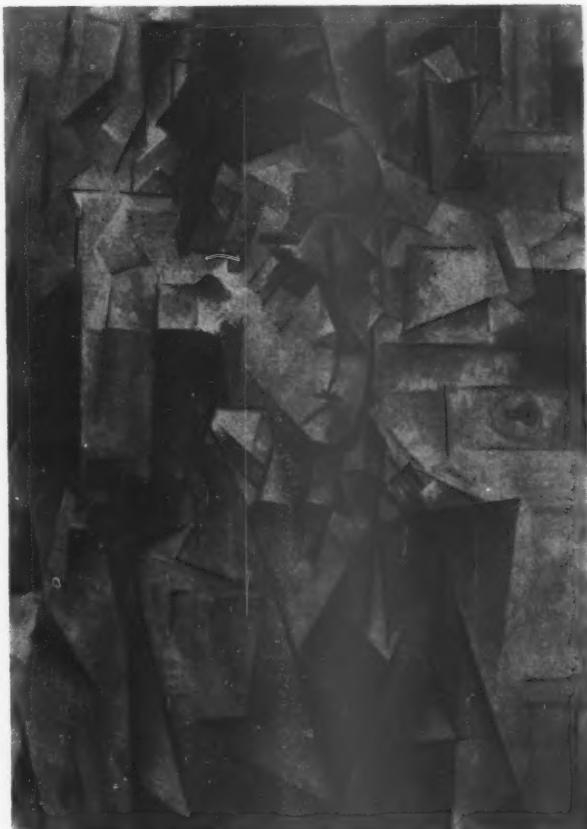
Over the twenty-odd years from 1905, the beginning of his Pink Period, to 1926, when his Cubism ceased being High, Picasso turned out art of a stupendous greatness, stupendous alike in conception and execution, in the rightness and consistency of its realization. A radical, exact and invincible loyalty to certain insights into the relations between artistic and non-artistic experience, and into the nature of the fact that they are different, animates everything, no matter how slight. Even the relatively few unsuccessful works of those years at least hint at absolute quality. And the sureness of hand is like a permanent miracle. In 1927, however, the rightness of realization begins to falter for the first time. The first room on the third floor of the Museum show, where almost all the pictures from 1926, 1927 and 1928 were originally hung, reveals this fact almost dramatically. But loftiness and bold originality of conception remain, and continue to remain in the next two rooms. Only when we arrive at the *Still Life with Black Bull's Head* of November, 1936, does aspiration itself begin to fail; then realization and execution become—if the distinction is possible—superior to conception, which happens only in derivative art. *The Black Bull's Head* "sits right," that is, it is brought off in its own pictorial terms; yet the abstractable formal structure has a blandness and correctness that, instead of enhancing the illustrative intention, negate it. The ominousness and the mystery turn into artlessness, and the picture remains no more than nice. Picasso begins to derive from himself. The surprise is gone; now Picasso has begun to "make" art.

Once a master always, to some extent, a master. Every item in the remaining rooms has a certain pungency or at least piquancy. But there are no complete masterpieces, and success never transcends the relative. This relativity, which is as omnipresent as the pungency, introduces itself into one's reaction to every work. There are losses and there are recoveries of quality after 1938, but it nowhere regains the absoluteness it once had.

THE years 1950 to 1953 are a period of weakness and transition, when Picasso, as so often before, resorts to sculpture to work things out. The sculpture turns out to be lamentable, but the paintings get better again, much better in 1954, and in 1956 there is a kind of new blossoming under Matisse's influence (which Picasso seems ready to accept with pastiche-like fidelity now that Matisse is dead); yet everything continues to be the work of an artist who has stopped developing. It is not that Picasso has become perfunctory or facile; on the contrary, since the thirties he seems to distrust his facility and its



Above: **Guitar** (1926); collection of the artist. Below: **Wilhelm Uhde** (spring, 1910); collection Roland Penrose, London.



PICASSO AT SEVENTY-FIVE

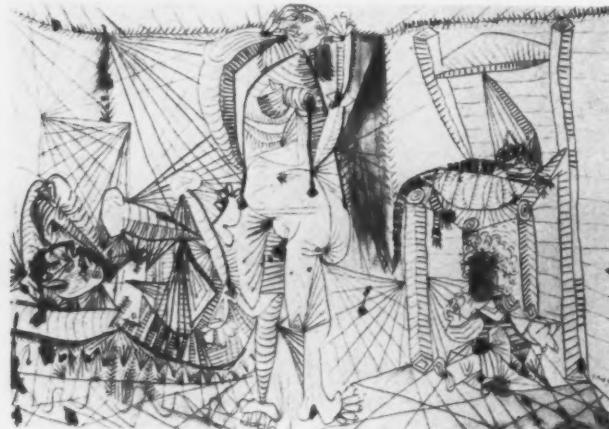


Landscape (summer, 1906); collection Mr. and Mrs. Nate B. Spingold.



Bullfight (September 9, 1934); collection Henry P. McIlhenny.

Drawing (1938); Cahiers d'Art.



promptings as never before, and consciously to avoid anything like easy or suave effects. Yet this only induces perverseness, and he too deliberately—for the sake of effect rather than of cause—makes things ugly, crabbed or clumsy. Under all its changes of theme and manner, and under all its superlative craft, Picasso's art becomes repetitious, and the artist, in spite of himself, a virtuoso who seeks happy contrivances rather than inspired solutions. The plenitude and the exhilaration that used to come from the least thing he turned his hand to are gone. A kind of excitement remains, and will remain, but it is not exactly the kind which animates major art.

Little in what Picasso has done since 1938 tells the professionally concerned eye anything it does not already know from his previous work. In the thirties his art still remained abreast or even ahead of advanced art in general. The contradictions and frustrations, as well as the ideas and inventions, in which it abounded then have proven more directly fruitful for younger artists with major ambitions than the more exalted and perfect works which Mondrian was producing so steadily during most of the same period. And the few things Picasso did bring off in the thirties he brought off absolutely, even though, aside from the wrought-iron sculpture of 1930 and 1931, none of them are major in format: I think of the little McIlhenny Bullfight of 1934, and of the series of drawings in a kind of *Fraktur* style—for me the swan song of his greatness—that he did in the spring and summer of 1938.

No doubt the course of culture in our time has had much to do with Picasso's decline: the waning of the halcyon modernism of 1900-25 had perhaps in the nature of things to be his too. And it would seem that no more than twenty years or so of absolute realization, whether consecutive or intermittent, have been granted even the greatest of painters since Ingres and Delacroix. Even so, whereas the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, including Cézanne and Matisse, could in their best years realize fully only one work in several, Picasso during the twenty-odd years of his prime was able to realize almost everything he turned his hand to. And though the same can be said of Mondrian from 1914 to 1936, his production was not as varied, nor did it include sculpture. One can see the justification for treating Picasso as a prodigy. But when we recognize that he is not one we appreciate his achievement all the more, and perceive more clearly the largeness of the inspiration and talent that went into it.

UNTIL the middle of the twenties Picasso seemed to know by instinct how to lead toward his strengths and capitalize upon his weaknesses. Then, apparently, he lost this certainty. The first picture that really bothers one in the Museum of Modern Art exhibition comes before 1927, in 1925, and is the striking *Three Dancers*, where the will to illustrative expressiveness emerges ambitiously for the first time since the Blue Period. It is not at all, in this Cubist painting, a question of the artist satisfying his inveterate appetite for sculptural volume as in his previous Neo-Classical works, where what is illustrated remains a relatively pure object of vision amid all the archaic allusions. Now illustration addresses itself to nature, not in order to make art say something through it, but in order to make nature itself say something—loudly and violently. This picture goes wrong, however, not because it is literary (which is what making nature speak through art means), but because the placing and rendering of the head and arms of the middle figure cause the upper third of the canvas to wobble. Literature as such has never yet spoiled a work of pictorial art; it is literary forcing which does that.

Surrealism made its first formal appearance in Paris the year before *The Three Dancers* was painted. At that time the *avant-garde* seems to have been losing its prewar confidence in the charge that lay in the impassive rightness of color and form. And there was perhaps a feeling among the artists who had come up before 1914 that it was time to declare more unmistakably their filiations with the past—as if Dada, with its claim to reject the esthetic, now threatened to compromise all of modernism and deprive it of its rightful place in the conti-

nuity of art as art (which fear, as I have already suggested, was somewhat justified). At the same time there was the contrary feeling on the part of some other, generally younger artists that the past had to be more forcefully repudiated than ever, and that the best way to do so was to parody it. Picasso, ever sensitive and receptive to the currents around him (being in this sense among the least independent of artists), began apparently to think in art-historical terms more than ever before, and to hanker for a "grand," epic, museum manner. This hankering makes itself felt in his projects for monuments and for other kinds of sculpture, in his Cubist treatment of the hitherto un-Cubist theme of artist and model, in the studies he made for a *Crucifixion* in 1929 and 1930, and in various other things he did at that time.

It could be said that it had to be either the grand style or minor art for Picasso once he had abandoned Cubism. But has he really been anything other than a Cubist since 1907? Cubist simplifications underlie his Neo-Classicism and all the excursions into quasi-academic naturalism he has made since Neo-Classicism, and his arabesqued, "metamorphic" manner of the early thirties and his handling of *Guernica* are as fundamentally Cubist as the more obvious neo-Cubism he has embraced in the years since. What Picasso has been trying to do since

Crucifixion (February 7, 1930); collection of the artist.



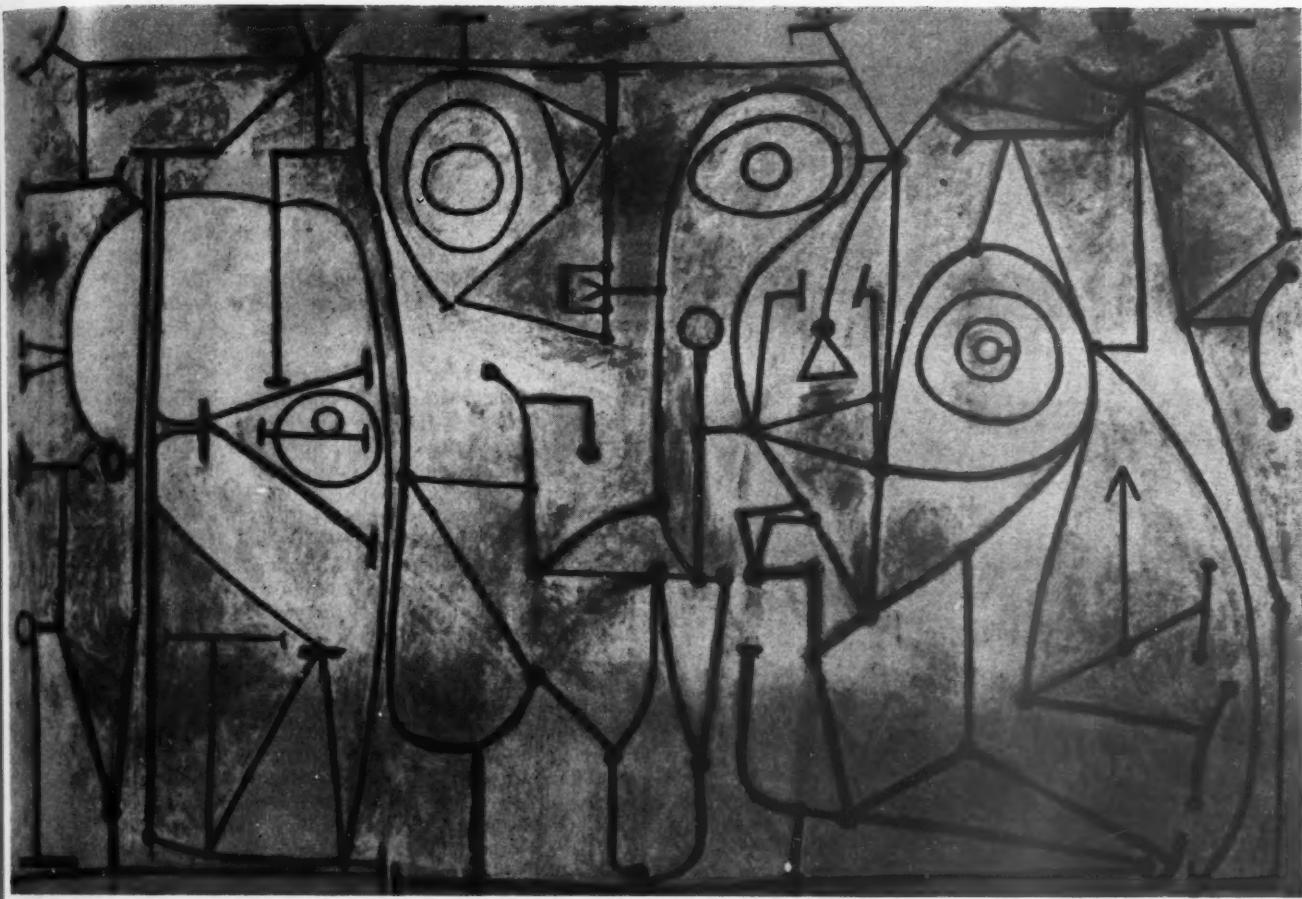
PICASSO AT SEVENTY-FIVE

1926 is not so much find or invent a grand style as turn Cubism into one—a grand style full of *terribilità* like Michelangelo's, but developed inside the shallow space of Cubism and adapted to its rather evenly rectilinear and curvilinear cleavages. Being, however, a "grand style" in its own right, Cubism cannot be brought closer to the museum idea of one without being travestied and caricatured—and this is approximately what one sees being done in such later paintings of Picasso's as the *Night Fishing at Antibes* of 1939, the *Korean Massacres* of 1951, and the *War and the Peace* of 1952. One also sees Cubism being mocked in pictures like the 1950 *Winter Landscape* and the 1951 *Chimneys of Vallauris*, both of which are just a little absurd, despite the crispness of their handling. (I have a feeling that the future will see a lot more that is funny in Picasso's later production than we do.)

Like any other real style, Cubism had its own inherent laws of development. By the late twenties these all seemed to be driving toward greater if not outright abstraction. Mondrian drew the extreme and final conclusions, but Miró, especially between 1925 and 1930, was able to produce art of a revolutionary and substantial originality by sacrificing only the integrity of nature, not nature as such. It is Picasso's double insistence on the schematic, diagrammatic, factual integrity of every image he gets from nature—and he gets every image from nature—and on a minimal illusion of three-sided space, that begins in the thirties to inhibit the abstract or decora-

Winter Landscape (December 22, 1950); collection Mr. and Mrs. Victor W. Ganz, New York.





The Kitchen (November 9, 1948); collection of the artist.

tive fulfillment of his painting. With his new will to expressiveness, he makes it almost a matter of doctrine to shun a "purely" decorative unity, even where he loads the picture with decorative space-filers. Yet the distinction between the decorative and the pictorial had by that time been deprived of its traditional force by Matisse and by Picasso's own Cubism. Matisse, who remained to the end as dependent on the alphabet of nature as Picasso has, was able in the last years of his life to arrange leaf motifs in huge, apparently sheerly decorative panels that are as great as *pictures* as anything done in Europe since the thirties. Picasso, in trying to turn decoration against itself, in the end succumbs to it.

His effort before *Guernica* seems to have been to make decorative flatness transcend itself by an illustrative unity. The flat-patterned curvilinear paintings of the female figure he did in the early thirties have a sort of ornamental power, but had he taken more liberties with nature they would perhaps have had more than that. The ornamental or decorative treatment of the human physiognomy generates rococo associations by now that no amount of formal rightness seems able to overcome; and in Picasso's, as in Matisse's, later painting, it is no accident that full success comes much oftener, on almost any level, where the subject tends to be more "humanly" indifferent, as with the still life, interior or landscape, and that there is usually a better chance of success anyhow when the human visage is suppressed.

GUERNICA was obviously the last major turning point in Picasso's development. With its bulging and buckling, it looks not a little like a battle scene from a pediment that had

been flattened out under a defective steam roller—in other words, as if conceived within an illusion of space deeper than that in which it was actually executed. And the preliminary studies for *Guernica* bear out this impression, being much more illusionistic in approach than the final result: particularly the composition studies, two of which—done in pencil on gesso wood on May 1 and 2 respectively—are much more convincing in their relative academicism than the turmoil of blacks, grays and whites in the final version. It is as if Picasso took the hint, for in 1938 he overhauled the formal machinery of his art in an attempt to loosen Cubist space. Since then he has generally kept the background more clearly and academically separated from the things in front of it, and tended to compromise between the distortions motivated by expression and those compelled by the pressure of shallow Cubist space. The very fact that such a compromise has been made signifies that Picasso's art is in crisis. Where art is sure of itself, formal discipline and expression operate as one—as much in Rembrandt as in Mondrian.

Now the Cubist elements are added decoratively and do not come with the impulse of the picture. Decoration transcends itself when the vision of the artist is decorative, but not when it is only his technique that is. Picasso's technique insofar as it remains Cubist has become largely decorative, and the decorativeness has become a cramping instead of liberating factor. One gets a sense of the picture rectangle as something into which the picture is jammed, neatly or not as the case may be, but always with an excessive application of will. This is true even of the large black and white *Kitchen* of 1948, which is the most adventurous as well as most abstract work of Picasso's

PICASSO AT SEVENTY-FIVE



Above: *The Women of Algiers (L)* (February 9, 1955); courtesy Paul Rosenberg and Co., New York. Below: *Woman in Rocking Chair* (March 22, 1956); courtesy Galerie Louise Leiris, Paris.



that I know of since a series of untitled dot and line drawings—to which *The Kitchen* itself is not unrelated—done in 1926. It is certainly the most interesting of the post-1938 paintings in the Museum show, and perhaps the best; and not simply because it is the most abstract, but because the extreme liberties it takes with nature are imaginative liberties that make themselves felt in the originality and free strength of the design. Even so, there is a slightly disturbing heaviness and deliberateness in the line—and it is all line; and the tightness with which the frame grasps the show gives it a boxed-in, over-enclosed and over-controlled effect.³ It is as if all the marks and traces of immediate creation had been edited out of the picture in order to make it a more finished object.

Here I believe we have another clue to what is wrong with Picasso's recent art. Modernist painting, with its more explicit decorative ness, does call attention to the physical properties of the medium, but only in order to have these transcend themselves. Like any other kind of picture, a modernist one succeeds when its identity as a picture, and as pictorial experience, shuts out the awareness of it as a physical object. But when the means of art becomes too calculable, too sure, whether in conception or execution, and too little is left to spontaneity, then that awareness re-emerges. Picasso is as conscious of this problem as anyone has ever been, but he cannot, apparently, help himself any more because he is committed to a certain notion of picture-making in which nothing remains to be explored, in which everything has been already given. Here spontaneity—or inspiration—can no longer play a real part in the unifying conception of a picture, and is confined to the nuances, the trimmings and minor elaborations. The picture gets finished, in principle, the moment it is started, and the result becomes a replica of itself. With the idea of replica there comes the idea of craftsmanship, and with that, the idea of object, and of the polish and finish of a finished object. The eye makes these associations instantaneously. Finish is always something expected, and the expected belongs more to the handicrafts, to joinery and jewelry, than to fine art.

Aside perhaps from *The Kitchen*, the best of Picasso's post-1938 paintings in the Museum: the beautifully Matissean *Woman in Rocking Chair*, *The Studio* and *Woman by a Window* of 1956; the almost great Lam-like version "L" and the solidly Picassooid version "N" of the 1955 *Women of Algiers, after Delacroix*; the gouache *Pastoral* of 1946—all of these items shine with a brilliance that connotes craft more than art. They are picture-objects rather than pictures. (Which is also, incidentally, what the best of Léger's and Braque's later pictures are.) And the compromising faults in other post-1938 paintings that just fail are faults that pertain to picture-objects and craftsmanship rather than to pictures or art: thus the unfortunate reds in the *Woman in Green* of 1943, the cartoon-like obtrusiveness of the profiled head of the seated figure in the *Serenade* of 1942. Picasso's earlier works cannot be taken apart so easily . . .

PICASSO has, or had, the endowment of a great sculptor, and he has produced some of the greatest as well as most revolutionary sculpture of the century. To have held on to nature with the diagrammatic fidelity he has since 1927 would perhaps have cost him less in quality had he thrown the weight of his production into a less illusionistic medium than painting. Perhaps the decision did hang in the balance for a while. Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler says (I quote from Elgar and Maillard's *Picasso*): "In 1929 he was thinking of huge monuments which could be both houses for living in and enormous sculptures of women's heads, and which would be set up along the Mediterranean coast; 'I have to be content with painting them, because nobody will give me a commission for one,' he tells me." Picasso never did become a full-time sculptor, but his hankering for the grand style had its effect on his art in that

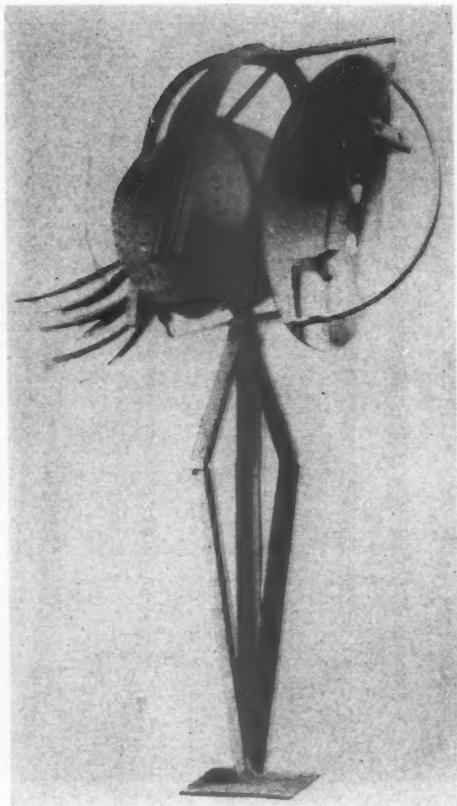
³The *Kitchen* reminds me in more ways than one of the "pictographs" Adolph Gottlieb used to do, and it is reported that Picasso was much struck by reproductions of these he saw in 1947.

medium too. After 1931 he abandoned construction almost entirely for modeling and the monolith; and ten years and more after they first entered his painting, archaicizing tendencies likewise entered his sculpture (which perhaps has something to do with the fact that he remained a completely great sculptor longer than he did a completely great painter). During most of the thirties his work in the round was as fertile in ideas and inventions as his painting, and has had an equally lasting influence. Then, like his painting, his sculpture dropped suddenly and even further in level.

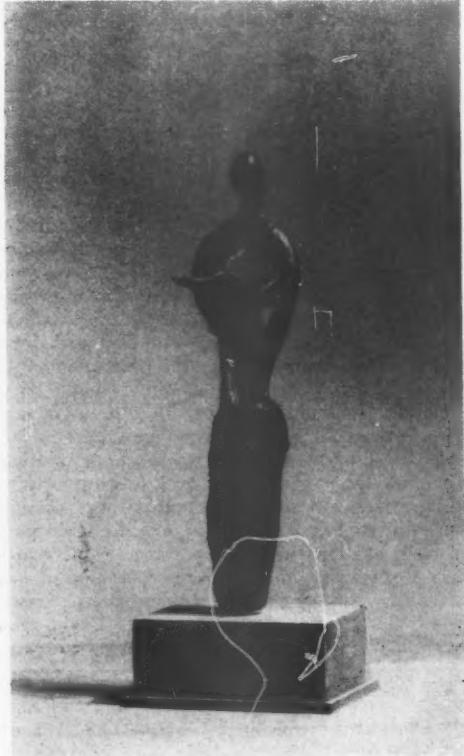
Just as Picasso has rarely been able to use color positively in his pictorial art and lacks feeling for the matter of paint, so in his sculpture he has always lacked feeling for surfaces. But just as he was able, when he wanted to, to make color serve his purpose negatively, so he was able in his sculpture to obviate his lack of tactile sensitivity by "drawing in air" and making constructions. Only when he began to aspire to sculpture on the antique model and to positive color *à la* Matisse did he begin to lead consistently to his weaknesses instead of strengths.

Maybe he succumbed to the myth of himself that his admirers created—the myth of the artist who could do anything, therefore was not entitled to his weaknesses, and who decided of his own accord what at any moment was modern and major. Maybe he would have become as old-fashioned as he now is no matter what he had done. Picasso, though less a prisoner of his first maturity than most people tend to be, remains one nevertheless—certainly more of one than Matisse was. *Time* reports that "He believes a work should be constructed, is distressed by the work of many abstract expressionists, once grabbed an ink-stained blotter, shoved it at a visitor and snapped 'Jackson Pollock!'" Forty years ago those who objected to Picasso's work said that it was not "disciplined," which means about the same thing as "constructed." As if anything that were not "constructed" or "disciplined" could be called even bad art.

Construction (c. 1931), wrought iron; collection of the artist.

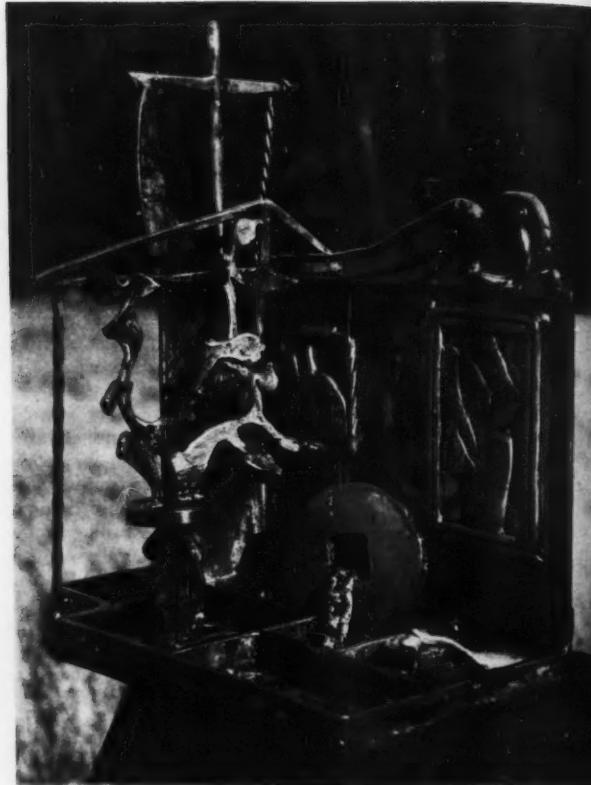


Above: **Wrought-Iron Sculpture** (1931); courtesy PICASSO, by Elgar and Maillard (Frederick A. Praeger).
Below: **Bronze Figure** (1945); collection G. David Thompson, Pittsburgh.





Sacrifice (1950); at the Museum of Modern Art.



Home of the Welder (1945); at the Museum of Modern Art.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY HILTON KRAMER

THIRTY-FOUR sculptures, along with six paintings and drawings, by David Smith are now on view at the Museum of Modern Art* (September 10-October 20) as part of the "Artists in Mid-Career" series. Concurrently there are also two important exhibitions of Smith's work in New York galleries: twenty-three sculptures, with additional drawings, at the Fine Arts Associates (September 17-October 12) and a more generous display of the sculptor's drawings and paintings, together with some smaller sculptures, at the Widdifield Gallery (October 15-November 2). All in all, these installations constitute a larger exposition of work by an American sculptor than has probably ever been presented in the past, and it is perfectly right that Smith should be the artist so honored. His sculpture is one of the major achievements of American art in the last quarter-century. One would be hard pressed to name another American, or another artist anywhere of Smith's generation—he is fifty-one—whose work would sustain such concentrated attention. Yet his does sustain it brilliantly, for it is an *oeuvre* which establishes its author as an artist of international importance whose achievement must henceforth figure in any serious discussion of modern art.

Smith's development has already been recounted in these pages by Mr. E. C. Goossen (see "David Smith," March, 1956), and I shall not repeat the story here except to under-

score some salient points. Chief among these are Smith's sudden inheritance, as it were, of the modern art of Europe (Picasso, Klee, Kandinsky, Mondrian and others) in his student period—an inheritance which established his universe of discourse with an immediacy all the more remarkable since it left him the putative disciple of no one master in particular—and the metalcraft sensibility developed through the tough, dirty experience of factory work. This combination of a knowledgeable sense of modern artistic culture on the one hand, and tough-minded craft on the other, has been abetted by a native taste for primitive forms—invoked, as they have been from the beginning of modern art, as a means of breaking through the emotional fraud of public feeling—and a gift, if not a compulsion, for classical resolutions. Each of these aspects of Smith's talent plays a crucial role in his art: the conviction, apparently felt from the beginning, that his art was to be on a par with the best of the older generation in Europe; the sense of craft learned at the factory but lacking any romantic-metaphysical nonsense† such as made the Futurists' and Dadaists' infatuation with machinery a kind of high frivolity; and the dialectic of primitivism and classicism which has served his art with varying emphases as one or the other of its elements has asserted itself with particular force.

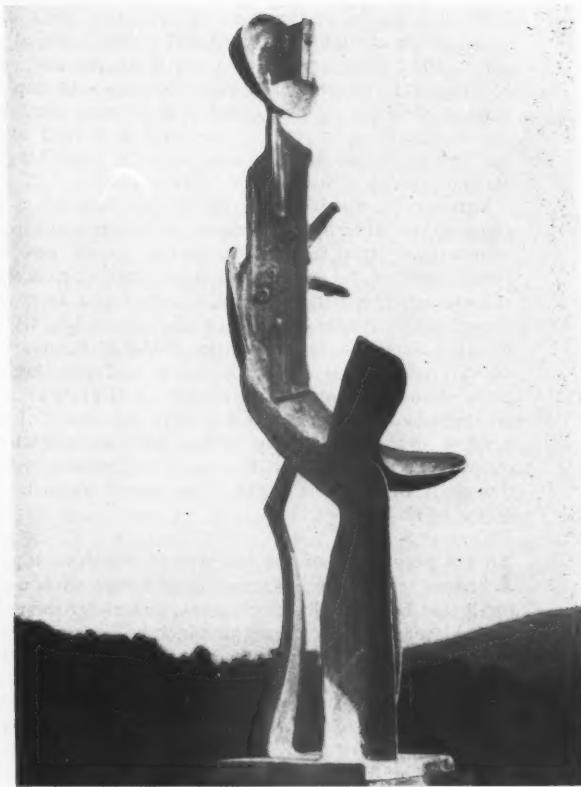
The art produced by this complex talent is testimony both to its own inventiveness and to a capacity for assimilating precisely those elements in the art of the older generation of Europe which would serve it best. It is Picasso and Gonzalez who have exercised the most direct influence on Smith's sculpture, yet the passage of time—usually so cruel to comparisons of this kind—has, if anything, underscored the speed with

*The exhibition is directed by Sam Hunter, Associate Curator of the Museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture. Mr. Hunter has also authored the short catalogue text (Museum of Modern Art, 75¢).

†A heavy coating of this nonsense is, however, often applied by those critics who are given to rhapsodizing on the mystique of the torch.



The Fish (1950); at the Museum of Modern Art.



Detroit Queen (1957); at the Museum of Modern Art.

which he moved from this point of departure to an idiom of his own. Mr. Hunter notes in his text for the Museum catalogue that Smith began in 1933 to work in forged iron after studying an issue of *Cahiers d'Art* devoted to Picasso's iron constructions. And the practice of Gonzalez, of course, provided a powerful precedent. Yet it is well to remember that Gonzalez himself produced his best works in the 1930's, the decade in which Smith too produced many memorable works. In some ways they followed the same course, moving from painting to relief-like construction to open-form composition—to what Mr. Clement Greenberg has called "the art of aerial drawing in metal." No one will want to dispute Gonzalez' seniority, yet the differences in their traditions and personalities are so marked that once their historical connection is duly noted, the inquiry into influence is pretty well exhausted.

THE exhibition at the Museum does not dwell on Smith's work in the 1930's but concentrates instead on his production since 1945. Only three works prior to that date—*Head as Still Life* (1936), *Elements Which Cause Prostitution* (1937) and *Leda* (1938)—are included. I think an opportunity was missed here, not only to show the consistently high level of achievement in his early work but also to demonstrate the extent to which the art history of the 1930's—and Smith's role in it—will someday have to be rewritten. (I particularly regret the omission of the *Head* of 1933, reproduced in the catalogue.) But even granting the principle of selection—the "Artists in Mid-Career" series will apparently concentrate on recent works and not attempt retrospective showings—a further hesitation still insinuates itself. One feels something missing from this exhibition, a quality which one always felt to be central to Smith's vision: what Herman Cherry, in a note reprinted in the Fine Arts catalogue, calls Smith's "quality of

anti-taste," his "rough sensibility" and anti-estheticism. This had always been a cardinal point, but it seems nowhere in evidence in the Museum show, nor for that matter in the Fine Arts exhibition either, which is devoted to work since 1951. Those rough edges now seem a good deal smoother, of course, and so it may not be entirely a fault of selection after all. Mr. Greenberg recently commented on this point when he stated that, as regarding the "more refined" sensibility which Smith presents to the public nowadays, the "change is, however, in ourselves too, who through longer acquaintance have become convinced of the premises of his art, so that it now seems to us to adjust itself better to antecedent art." This is certainly the case, yet one's feeling remains that if certain of Smith's works from the 1930's had been included, this quality of anti-estheticism would be seen to be not merely a fleeting aspect of taste but a basic artistic component in an important period of his work.

When we come to the two works of 1945 in the Museum show—*Home of the Welder* and *Pillar of Sunday*—we are in the presence of other qualities. The *Home of the Welder* is a sculptural simulacrum of a household, complete with floor plan, walled compartments and a dramatis personae. The symbolical *décor* and symbolical objects (such as the house plant whose flowers blossom into female breasts) project not only "things" but also the emotional objects and psychological fantasies of the householders. There is a kind of social satire here which is a bit thick, yet sculpturally it comes off very well, I think, not only because of the vitality of its content but because its visualization and construction are so exact and so rigorous in fulfilling their own inner logic. There is a fine sense of the comic in this work, but never a degeneration into easy wit. (Nor, despite Smith's affinity for Surrealist symbols, is there any of that horrible Surrealist coyness which hints at

MONTH IN REVIEW

profound—but nonexistent—meanings.) The ideal of domesticity, of life compartmentalized and neatly arranged, of every object and feeling assigned to a tidy space, is transformed into a sculptural composition which parodies and exploits this tidiness. And played off against this domestic ideal is a pervasive consciousness of the household as a kind of den inhabited by sexual animals who sense in everything around them a portent of gratification or frustration.

Structurally, the *Home of the Welder* calls for a series of compositions-within-a-composition; and there are certainly no elements in its design which anyone would now consider rough-edged or anti-esthetic. It is a sculpture composed of many sub-sculptures, free-standing and cut-out forms, reliefs and flat masses, which resolves itself into what one might be tempted to call a Surrealist Constructivism. *Pillar of Sunday* is a symbolical construction similar in mood and meaning, but its basic, cut-out columnar form is sparer and more accessible as an immediate experience. It has more the aspect of a public emblem and, appropriately, reveals itself more readily, without any necessity for the kind of close scrutiny (delightful though it is) which is required for a real understanding of *Home of the Welder*.

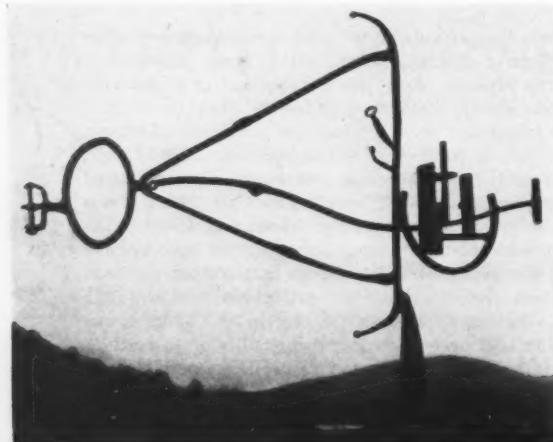
IN HIS production of the last decade, Smith's sculpture has become even more pictorial than before—and we should recall that he began his career as a painter—yet the essence of his achievement is the degree to which he has transformed the pictorial into the sculptural. His means—a basic and profoundly fecund gift as a draftsman and an additive method of construction based on collage—would seem to resist sculptural realization. Moreover, one of the differences between Smith and some of his contemporaries working in open-form media is that his works rarely use empty space as a kind of

captured, or contained, volume. I find his use of line more direct and more syntactical; one rarely feels that its function is to "enclose" imaginary monoliths. In short, it does not "sketch" a monolithic mass which is invisible—which, as I see it, is the paradoxical objective that has bemused quite a few serious sculptors of late. No doubt it allows them to bypass the problem of sculptural realization, but at the cost of results which are often academic and banal. In Smith's sculpture it is the drawing and the construction of the image which embody the sculptural vitality—those linear images which, to be sure, charge their surrounding space with a real plastic energy but which employ no subterfuge of imaginary mass.

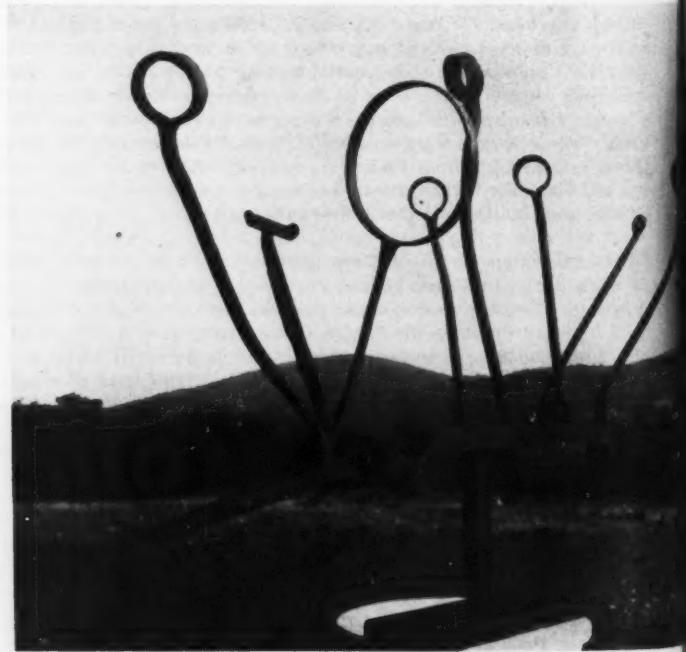
Smith's sculpture is pictorial in another sense too. His repertory of general themes is drawn from categories of painting and drawing: still life, landscape and interiors. Even his figures are constructed of pictorial elements. In the process of sculptural transformation these elements are refined into a generalized pictorial vocabulary in which individual units are interchangeable. (Recall that the earliest piece in the Museum show is called *Head as Still Life*, 1936.) At that generalized level they are made available to the artist's new sculptural syntax, and henceforth are characterized by a development and richness which only their new form can give them.

Some critics—notably Herbert Read—have refused to recognize the validity of this metamorphosis of pictorial elements into sculptural forms. (Mr. Read seems much more comfortable in the colder climate of a sculpture in which the architectural rather than the pictorial is the basis for metamorphosis; or so one would suppose from his enthusiasm for works like Reg Butler's *Unknown Political Prisoner*.) Even some of Smith's friendliest critics have hinted that his particular medium is a pastiche of painting-sculpture. For myself, this is no longer a tenable argument. There are too many com-

Agricola XIII (1953); at Fine Arts Associates.



Agricola IX (1952); at the Museum of Modern Art.



pletely realized works which, in every sense, stand on their own feet as sculpture, asking for no special dispensation of categories and begging no questions about a confusion of genres. In the Museum show I would particularly name the following: *The Royal Bird* (1948), *Portrait of the Eagle's Keeper* (1949), *The Fish* (1950), *Sacrifice* (1950), *The Banquet* (1951), *Australia* (1951), *Agricola IX* (1952), *Tank Totem IV* (1953), *Sentinel IV* (1957) and *Detroit Queen* (1957). And at Fine Arts Associates: *Agricola XIII* (1953), *Ridge Runner* (1953), *Memory-Head* (1955) and *Europa and Calf* (1956).

This brilliant constellation of works also demonstrates some of the artistic variety that Smith has achieved within his own method of creation. Compare *The Banquet*, for example, with *Agricola IX*. One finds in the first a geometrical divisionism in which symbols, reduced to their purest graphic outlines and discretely placed, provide a kind of ideogrammatic mural. In the second there is a theme-and-variations drama of stem-like forms swaying and straining, reaching forward and recoiling, their loops forming an insistent movement which seems to challenge the horizontal axis from which these forms are projected into space. One work is of a classical order, the other of an insidious rhythmical configuration which remains fugitively lodged in the mind long after one has seemingly exhausted its few sculptural components. With *Australia*—surely one of Smith's masterpieces—some elements of both classical order (in its exquisite horizontal balance especially) and irrational form are resolved with a monumentalism which draws its strength from precisely this dialectical combination.

In the Fine Arts exhibition there are several small works—of which I think *Memory-Head* is the most beautiful—which reveal a more Expressionist use of materials, in this case executed in molten bronze by the artist himself. And more

recently, at a complete remove from any Expressionist esthetic, is the fine *Sentinel IV*, in which several of Smith's long-standing preoccupations—the use of clean-edged, flat masses; a geometrical divisionism; and that gift for classical resolutions mentioned above—unite to form a cool and commanding image.

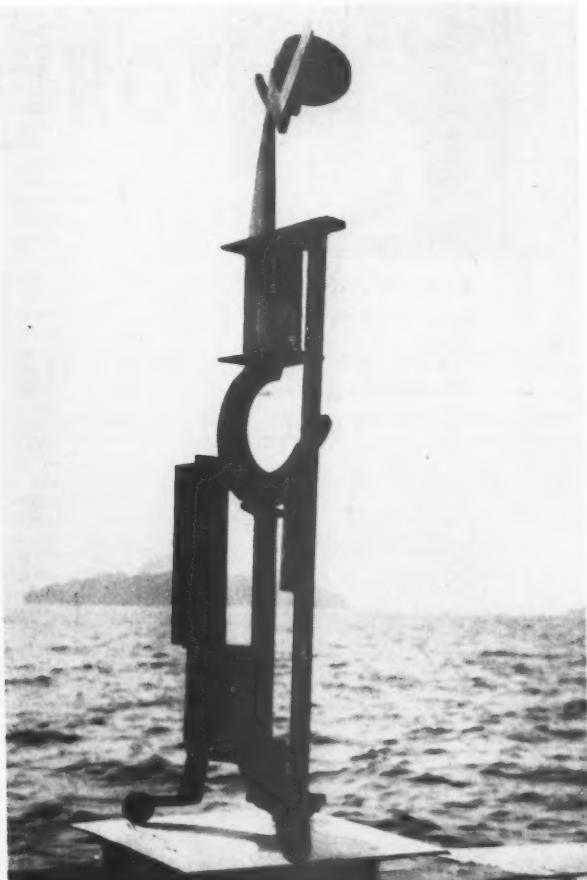
A word should be said about Smith's drawings and paintings: The latter I find too conceptual and cramped; they rarely seem to "breathe." The drawings, however, are another matter. They form an onrushing stream of visual and conceptual ideas for sculpture and yet in their own right display a wonderful calligraphic touch. In many of the drawings one's pleasure consists both in imagining sculptural possibilities which the antecedent world of the artist's completed forms makes available to one's visual fantasies and in being allowed to follow the course of these calligraphic forms more freely, before they have had imposed on them a final technical feasibility.

SMITH'S sculptural *oeuvre* is already widely influential, and it is destined by its power and authority to become more so in the years ahead as it establishes itself more publicly on the world scene. Indeed, one anticipates with curiosity the assimilation of this influence among foreign artists. Unlike the art of Calder, say, Smith's is lacking in the qualities of playfulness and frivolity which have been so easily assimilable to stereotypes of American innocence, and which no doubt have contributed to its vogue among Parisian critics who prefer to regard the American sensibility as childlike and unserious. Smith's sculpture, even at its most refined, is much more forthright. Its mode of feeling is infinitely deeper than Calder's. Its capacity to combine a kind of primitive force with the directness of machine-age materials and a classical balance will challenge a superficial response.

Europa and Calf (1956); at Fine Arts Associates.



Sentinel IV (1957); at the Museum of Modern Art.





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MARGARET BREUNING Writes:

An impressive showing of Nolde's oils and watercolors . . . Cusumano's fecundity of pictorial invention . . . a rich diversity in Stromsted's work of the past decade . . . Lazansky's capricious and wholly successful effects . . . a compelling ingenuity in Ben Wilson's recent painting



Emil Nolde, BLONDE GIRL; at the New Gallery.

ALARGE exhibition of Emil Nolde's work—oils and watercolors—is an important event, for it presents for the first time in this country a comprehensive showing of this pathfinder of the German Expressionist school. It is true that the Norwegian Munch first developed this ideology, but it is to the Friesian Nolde that its widespread adoption in Germany may be credited. Like Munch's, his art ignored all naturalistic expression, appearing to embody the primitive German soul in his mystical interpretations of spiritual experiences—sometimes almost diabolical, often grotesque, yet always a deeply sincere presentation of the symbolism he found underlying his subjects. Expressionism was a widely inclusive term for the diversity of artists practicing it. Some of them were influenced by Cézanne's architectonic designs; others, such as Klee, evolved a sort of transcendental dream life in their paintings; others again reflected the vigor and vehement color of contemporary Russian art. But all were inspired by the same desire to escape from the bondage of illustrative realism. Freed from the dictates of realism, he used many aspects of objective appearance, but usually distorted the visual image in response to a spiritual esthetic, an emotional need. In his invariable simplification of forms and elimination of unessential detail, he accentuated only such elements as expressed the significance of an inner symbolism. In his figure pieces, forms almost explosive in their vitality obtain appreciable balance through the stabilizing of color masses. Journeys through Russia and the South Seas afforded him a wealth of fresh material. In the vehemence of his painting of two Russian Cossacks, he achieved more than faithful portraits, for there is also an incapsulated suggestion of their rude, vigorous environment, as well as a subtle perception of their Oriental affiliation. In the South Sea landscapes, there is a piquant contrast between this Northerner's conception of these exotic scenes and Gauguin's interpretation of

similar themes. The still lifes of African Polynesian figures convey religious intent in these symbols of deep-rooted belief. A group of lithographs display not only technical proficiency, but, as the painter's remarkable synthesis of personality in original and provocative designs. It is almost possible to single out items from this fine and impressive collection in which no inclusion appears negligible, yet one or instances may be permitted—such as the painting *Two Goldsmiths*—which in subject and handling indicate that Nolde, like Rembrandt, had studied and admired Rembrandt's works. Still lifes of flowers are opulent in color and texture, ignoring all detail of supporting plants in brilliant display of resplendent blossoms. (New Gallery, Sept. 26.)

STEFANO CUSUMANO's paintings immediately impress one with how ably he succeeds in combining the complexity of visual experience with the eloquence of an inner vision. He is not only a painter with a sense of touch that renders richness of texture and wealth of substance, but he is an artist who brings all the varied detail of his subject into a totality of expression that embodies the image. In his present showing a large life canvas of heaped-up fruits and foliage in an almost pyramidal construction presents the impact of each rounding form; each terpenetrating leaf contributes a significant heightening of the esthetic emotion. In other canvases, such as *Autumn Still Life*, he plays the same fecundity of pictorial invention, escaping entirely the aridity of objective description. The color relations in both these large canvases are also important contributing factors to the structure of the design. Moreover, in these two hand-painted canvases, for all their richness of subject, it is not *matière* that is his concern, but the development of his pictorial style through *matière*. There are many other admirable facets to this exhibition, such as the almost impalpable *Vision*, of diaphanous color that floods the picture space, yet effectively stabilized by the placing of one

Stefano Cusumano, SUMMER; at the doit Gallery.



The extraordinary personal story of the pioneers of realism in American art—the Ashcan Group

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Pissarro Prints and Drawings: Pissarro demanded of art that it reflect a philosophy which was "absolutely social, anti-authoritarian, and anti-mystical." Thus his feeling for the solidarity of the artist with mankind is manifest in his selection of simple subjects—peasants, beggars, a goose girl, a field of cabbages—rendered in a straightforward and unromanticized fashion, and marked by the lucid and rational approach which is distinctive of his art. His prints and drawings which offer a more intimate view of the artist at work generally confirm what we know of him from his paintings—the lack of pretension, the solidity of craftsmanship and construction, the devotion to discipline and to the pursuit of a truth uncolored by heroics and personal vagaries.

Assembled in the present exhibition are drawings, etchings and lithographs which span most of his career, from the early *Au Bord de l'Eau* (1863) to examples from the series of nude bathers done in the mid-nineties and the color lithograph, *Marché aux Légumes à Pontoise* (1897), which comes close to pure genre, perhaps in protest against the influence of the Symbolists whom he felt must be "fought like the plague." Although his interest in printmaking greatly increased toward the end of his career, his mastery of the etching technique may be seen in earlier works, notably *The Woman on the Road* (1879), which demonstrates a remarkably free and fluent use of aquatint, especially in the treatment of the clouded sky. Among the rarer inclusions is a version of *The Goose Girl* (1888) in its third state, in which there is a more dramatic use of light-dark contrasts than appears in the more familiar fourth and final state. Testifying to the enduring harmony which marked Pissarro's relationship with his son Lucien are two lithographs, studies of Lucien, done thirty years apart, one a sharp line drawing of the boy painting, the other of a pale bearded man convalescing from illness, described in areas of light and shade, without use of line.

Pissarro's monotypes are very little known, so that the *Reclining Nudes*, a monotype from the mid-nineties exhibited here, contains several elements of surprise, first, in the looseness and expressionistic freedom of the execution, and sec-

ondly, in the thematic and stylistic similarity to Gauguin, of whom the artist was sharply critical. It offers a sidelight on this usually deliberate and logical painter, an indication that he himself was not untouched by the new currents manifesting themselves in the last decade of the century, despite his declared opposition. (Deitsch, Oct. 1-26.)—M.S.

Mondrian: The self-portrait (1900) tells much, with its concentrating brown eyes. This painter confronts nature with a purpose to aspire, although a brown atmosphere surrounds him. The two landscapes demonstrate where his interests lie, interests that are powerful enough to transcend the modes of his countryman Hobbema and of the Impressionists. Both paintings are of single subjects reflected in water, scenes meticulously generalized: the farmhouse infused by sunset light, the windmill surrounded by bright brush strokes. Each has a rhythmic pattern integrally developed: the farmhouse, in the spaces between the branches; the windmill, in the steady pulse of color enveloping it. And both images are at a steady equilibrium, intensified by the mirroring of the water. *Balance and relationships*—how easy it is for hindsight to see them when, to the painter himself, they were intuitive, and far from being a *raison d'être*. Then comes Cubism and the gradual, increasing purge, and crisscross lines become rectangles, then rectangles leave tonalities behind and exist only in whites and primaries. Mondrian was the true Cubist, carrying the mode to its ultimate extreme, just as Monet was the ultimate Impressionist. One of the values of a Mondrian retrospective is to put the emphasis upon the painter's basic temperament rather than upon his chosen idiom which, in isolation, is meaningless. Mondrian interpreted all nature in rectangular relationships in order to express an essential experience. And from the very earliest, it is a rhythmic sensibility that underlies his work; the Boogie-Woogie paintings, epitomizing jazz, bring home that fact. Some call him cerebral—and yet he had the power to express the essence of loneliness, or of shyness, or of assertiveness. And in the richness of his ermine whites exists the most refined sensuous appeal. Ironically, Mondrian

arrived at his "objective vision of reality" by means of the most intensive concentration upon his own subjectivity, applying his own measurement of "absolute truths." The drama of the exhibition lies in its consistency: how Mondrian learned to know his own temperament profoundly, and how he brought it into the sharpest focus. (Janis, Sept. 30-Nov. 2.)—S.B.

Manolo: When Manolo died in 1944 the Spanish government declared his sculpture national property, and it is rarely permitted to leave the country—which may partially account for the fact that the sculpture of this Catalan contemporary of Picasso is so little known in the United States. Although he was a friend and associate of Picasso and the Cubist sculptors Laurens and Lipchitz, Manolo's work remains closer in spirit to the classic simplicity of Maillol than to the great innovators of the century. Yet there is a more earthy quality to his work, a note of harsher realism than Maillol's idealization permits, a bit of the Sancho Panza plodding alongside those who pursue loftier ideals. Consider his *Andalusian Dancer*, one of the best of the small bronzes in the exhibition, with the relaxed pose of the strong body, the backward thrust to the head and the wry twist to the mouth, the whole endowed with a vibrant and lusty energy, indicating the artist's robust enjoyment of life rather than a concern with theoretical preoccupation or formal perfection. In Paris Manolo's blind disregard for convention and for the law led him into so many escapades that he was finally declared *persona non grata* and banished to the Spanish border. A similar independence of mode and conventions characterizes his work, although it does not interfere with the soundness of his sculpture. Whether in the lithe, twisting figure of a *Toreador* or the simple mass of the study *Peasant Woman Carrying Basket*, he is ever in command of his means, modeling with a brusque force and confidence, following the dictates of his intuitive grasp of art. The exhibition also includes a number of drawings, mostly studies for sculptures, and five large terra-cotta pieces not available at the time of review. (Chalon, Oct. 7-Nov. 2.)—M.S.

Arnold Friedman: When he said that compared with the big cannons of French art he was "only a shotgun blast," Friedman was getting to consider the ricochet. This true, honest provincial, who had his trip to Paris in his youth and then lived on Long Island, did not

Camille Pissarro, TWO BATHERS; at Deitsch Gallery.



Piet Mondrian, WINDMILL IN SUNLIGHT; at Janis Gallery.



of his best work between the time when he retired from the postal service at sixty until he died twelve years later in 1946. Deriving much from the late Monet and from Bonnard, his painting stands up well in 1957, with its atmospheric harmonies, carefully stippled textures and deep circular thrusts of space. While he was content with a plain and obvious balance in composition, there are some remarkable tonal understatements, and these increase, with an elimination of detail, until abstraction occurs—see it happen to several landscapes in a delicate autumnal haze. There are about twenty oils in this exhibition, including some from the late period (with their sure impasto and solid structure reminiscent of B. J. O. Nordfeldt's last work); and a few watercolors, painted when Friedman was deeply conscious of Cézanne about 1916. He wasn't always a recluse. In 1908 he, Glenn Coleman and Jules Golz held a show in a loft facing Bryant Park with a dozen other contemporaries, including Edward Hopper, that was far ahead of its time. Perhaps his precocity led to isolation. Yet his opinions would out. He printed them largely on the backs of canvases—as though to prepare himself for the disappointment of a jury rejection: "The Art Situation in New York is about the same as the church situation in a small dinky town—attend the surreal church, the expressionist church or the non-objective church, etc., etc.—or go the way of an outcast infidel shunned by all and precisely with the same unctuous!" Another time he wrote, "The only rule of pressing concern to the painter is when, how, where or if to ignore all rules." It is not surprising that his work has many loyal admirers. It takes no insight today to call him "advanced for his time." All one can say, finally, is that when a man sticks by his guns, as Friedman did, it becomes quite irrelevant to measure the size of the blast. (Zabriskie, Sept. 30-Oct. 26.)—S.B.

Picasso: Opening this season, and following the retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, is an exhibition of Picasso's recent paintings (1954-56) which is by no means an anticlimax. It clarifies the observation that Picasso's dynamics are being channeled more and more graphically. In drawings and on glazed tiles—and even on canvas—he leaves large, meaningful white spaces. It is as if time runs short and he must do more with less. Yet there are several oils which he has painted in layers, combining his recent interest in the proportions of the classic Egyptian head-

dress with the complexity of the lady's expression, which has always fascinated him. *Woman Dressed in a Turkish Costume* celebrates female ambiguity in brilliant colors. Patterns are fabulous in studies of the studio at Cannes, with a blue chair and palm trees, and they are frenzied and exhilarated in *La Famille*. The most haunting canvas is *Les Enfants*, centering on a child's face. The vacant areas on one side, with the silhouette of another child, counterpointing plane forms close to the central figure, suggest childhood's partial knowledge, the poignancy of growth. Many of the paintings are shown in New York for the first time. The richness of the two ink drawings of the bullfight, however, and of the bacchanalian tiles, is such as to tell almost everything about the magic control that Picasso still exercises over spaces to paint on and the world's primeval joys. (Saidenberg, Sept. 30-Oct. 26.)—S.B.

Mary Callery: The constant poetic inventiveness and the consistent quality of the work in these predominantly small sculptures in bronze make this a lively showing. One finds the work itself full of fine transformations which, though openly stated, resist the temptation to be merely clever. The spare, pliant figures of ballet dancers perform something which looks like architecture, a pyramid of butterflies assumes the shape of a flower, and in *The Tree* the foliage is alive with human and animal shapes, a small revolving world. *Eurydice* is one of the best examples of her lean and somewhat diagrammatic style; marking the division between earth and the underworld is a crossbar beneath which the figure is crouched (or coiled), while above it the sun sends out sinuous rays that touch and join the motif of the harp, sprouting like spears of wheat from the soil. (Knoedler, Oct. 7-26.)—J.R.M.

Moholy-Nagy: A cross section of artifacts that have remained with his wife, Sybil, represents the great design proselytizer from 1920 to 1946. They follow no conventional pattern, but pace out his developing theories and expanding vision. Accepting the Dada-Cubist-Bauhaus abstract vocabulary, Moholy searched for a visual vocabulary that was both comprehensive and elementary. Moholy's impulse in Constructivism would generally coincide with his enthusiasm for a material which he felt would serve that objective. His art was not made as something to be contemplated on a wall, but rather as a testi-

mony (in that vanished spirit of optimism which believed in a totality through art that would eventually dissolve art, as Marxists believe that Communism will dissolve the state). It is interesting to see what happened in his effort to introduce light (hence depth) into the picture, and how the celluloid (the only plastic available in the early twenties) has turned yellow. Aluminum, much more successful, keeps its reflection, and the paintings look quite fresh. While several painted constructions are persuasive (particularly one in red and black of an oval form, floating), the highest refinement of Moholy's aims is expressed in his Plexiglas space modulators. Heated, bent, cooled, shaped in one piece, Plexiglas turns out to be his best material: the quintessence of form, space, light and motion. It is this sculpture that best sums up Moholy's uniqueness—and transcends the epoch. (Kleemann, Oct. 1-31.)—S.B.

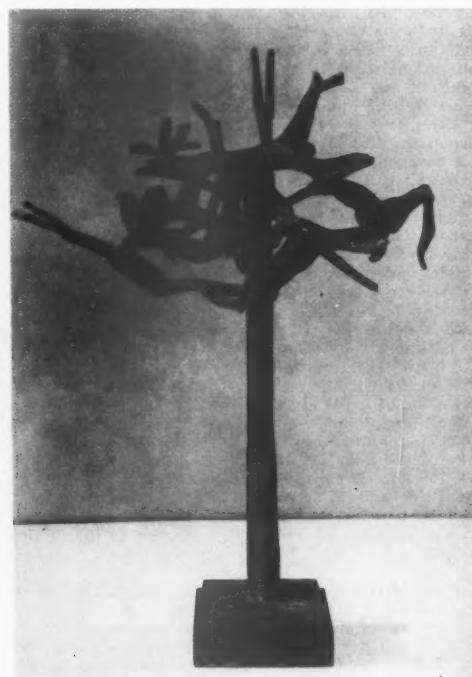
Roy Prohaska: The difficulty in evaluating Prohaska's work is that so much of it seems to be in transition between the more formal, somewhat academic and decorative works like *Night Magic* and the more loosely structured works like *Breakwater*. *The Patriarch*, with its careful balances of form and color, is one of the best of the strongly organized compositions and seems to be a marker for the distance to which the particular style can be carried. In the looser works, however, where the attempt is to make the paint itself, rather than specific shapes, assume the burden of organization, there are few decisive successes. One tends to think that the ink and brush drawings which are also shown are exploring the same problem in a different medium. (The Contemporaries, Oct. 7-25.)—J.R.M.

Reuther: In his early thirties, a native of Bavaria, he has studied at Munich and Rome, and since the end of World War II has lived in Paris where he was a pupil of Léger. Previously exhibited in Brazil, Switzerland, Germany and various Scandinavian countries, these fifteen oils represent his first one-man show in the U.S. Except for a prevalent angularity, the influence of Léger seems to have been successfully digested. Despite a suggestion of mechanized order, the work is notably original. His forms are solid; the colors erupt brilliantly against somber backgrounds. The somber tone, the angular line, the economy of form contribute to an attitude of enthrallment, of power arrested and awaiting release. The constant subjects of horse and bull

Arnold Friedman, VEGETABLE STAND; at Zabriskie Gallery.



Mary Callery, A TREE; at Knoedler Galleries.





Archipenko, LYING HORIZONTAL FIGURE; at Perls Galleries.



Knox Martin, FIRE FLOWERS; at Avant-Garde Galley

are symbols of power, yet power pinned like Eliot's Prufrock, against the wall. Within bruise-dark blues, greens and grays lies a core of struggling and active elements. Backgrounds, sometimes the purples of mist, ensnare haughty horses and riders, their sterile majesty momentarily stilled. In the ink-dark, blot-like *Bull*, self-entangled, vitality locked within itself, yet compelling, the form is sensationally reduced to essence. In *Horses in Red*, horse and rider mirror horse and rider, paralyzed, but startling, as vertical slashes of bloody red accent the riders' taut bearing. (Gallery 75, Sept. 16-Oct. 12.)—E.G.

Archipenko: One of the few remaining "modern" artists is having his 118th one-man show of recent work. Archipenko's subject is still the female torso; his invention is to render it in as many guises as possible, and to this end, in "Recent Polychromes," he brings a number of materials. His first efforts at what he calls sculpture-painting occurred in 1912, when he was directly under the influence of the Cubists, and was one of them in the *Section d'Or*. But his greatness has always been his own particular linear intuition, most marked in the simpler silhouettes. It is also his tradition to vary the torso theme, and this show includes some very elaborate constructions, as he seeks to include reflections, collage, and colors which hark back to the Byzantine tradition of his Ukrainian childhood rather than to our taste. *Oceanic Madonna* is a four-way silhouette, combining black formica, shiny chromium and an inlay of mother-of-pearl mosaic, and revolves on a pedestal to glory in the reflecting interplay. Another composition, also a figure, is set in a tricky mirror to vary the sense of depth. Even the small bronzes are elaborated upon: a *Horizontal Lying Figure* in gold and black; *Walking*, *The Dancer* and *Who Is She?* in varying greens. And occasionally he shows one of his "old" forms rendered in a new material, such as the silhouette, exceedingly graceful, in aluminum. But however complicated some of the large constructions seem, the hand has not lost its cunning. *White and Black*, in which the forms are wide and winged and where the torso is presented in silhouette, is a monument to a superb sculptural gift—married to the modern spirit. (Perls, Oct. 14-Nov. 9.)—S.B.

Wallace Mitchell: Using gouache to color in the elements of his precisely patterned painting, Mitchell varies his repeated motifs—rectangles, triangles and ovals—with color, changes in scale and often an over-pattern (made by tonal variations) that seems like a shadow cast over his

insistent definition by forms that can only stand outside the area it dominates (or are, perhaps, waiting to enter). This over-pattern is not seen in all the paintings; it is particularly evident in *Yellow Interior*. Other paintings, *Turnabout*, for instance, are concerned with the effect of light on color, but the unfolded-screen pattern brings to mind refracted light: it might be a mosaic looked down upon through clear water. *Stand-point*, a simple arrangement of rigid verticals and diagonals in bright blue, yellow, ochre, light green, inevitably suggests a plan for a decorative mural. One's sense of the appropriateness of this aspect of Mitchell's work to such a project is furthered by the information that a mural of his does, in fact, decorate the General Motors Technical Center. (Bertha Schaefer, Sept. 30-Oct. 19.)—A.V.

Knox Martin: Forcefully, and with no small ambition, Martin addresses himself to a number of media: large canvases of Maja-esque nudes, portraits (some, with white fields, totally nonobjective); ink drawings; small carvings in wood; and flower studies in a combination of crayon and watercolor. This is a fertile talent, projecting itself exploratively, and into more than it finishes. The Goya-conscious subject matter, including a float of monsters in the middle of a city, lacks the painterly power that the concept calls for, and needs to be knit together. On the other hand, a splendid group of waxy interpretations of fire flowers and other wild, growing plants is very well integrated, with no loss to the vitality that, in general, makes a strong impression. (Avant-Garde, Oct. 1-26.)—S.B.

Matta: Who has seen the psyche? Or rather, who is there who thinks he has seen it after viewing the Museum of Modern Art's selection of Matta's paintings? To be sure the early "incarnations" of 1938 seem to move in eerie and gelatinous ways, and the movement is concentric and galactic in such a way as to correspond to the conventional notion of atomic, psychic and biological dynamics. Apart from some key triangular volumes, there is no distinct form; all seems to dissolve tortuously, at once organic and erotic. And the brilliant colors which the Surrealists, Tanguy particularly, used so cleanly to present their vision, are mingled, muddled and neonzined in a vapidity that strives to create infinity: *Prescience*, *The Morphology of Desire*, *The Disasters of Mysticism*, *To Escape the Absolute* (with tarot cards) become increasingly charged with anxiety into *The Vertigo of Eros*, *The Onyx of Electra* and such plays (both spa-

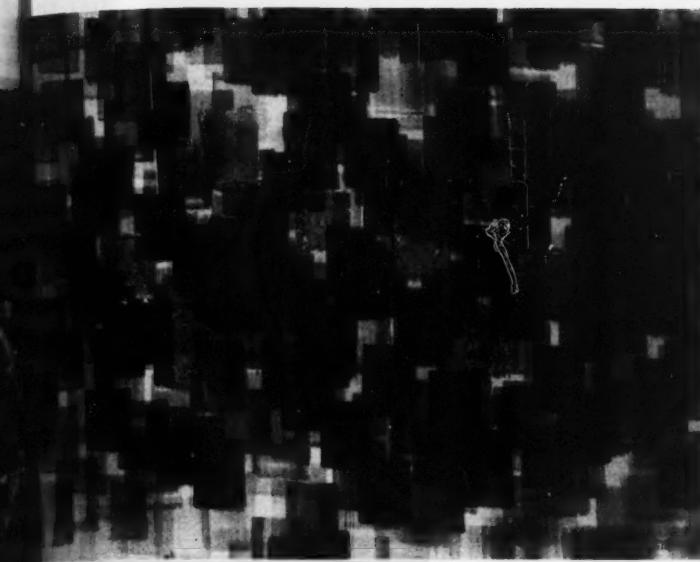
tially and verbally) as *Splitting the Ergo*. As it turns to history, the comic strip takes over in *A Grave Situation* and *The Heart Players*, and science fiction in *Being With*. As for *The Unthinkables*—this concept exposes Matta's sheer superficiality. If this is horror, or any ultimate experience, it is strangely ineffectual. One can only long for Bosch, Goya, Siqueiros—even De Chirico—they do make us see the psyche, and nonfigurative expression (*sans* the pressure to "create" an iconography) has been a great deal more evocative. Matta's trouble is not his talent (which is considerable in organizing a canvas), *To Cover the Earth with a New Dew*, or even his taste (which is no better than chic), but his concepts. His painting suffers from grandiosity and the basic confusion that masquerade a tricky ambiguity for profundity. (Museum of Modern Art, Sept. 10-Oct. 20.)—S.B.

Delevante: Born in the British West Indies, of Portuguese ancestry, he has taught for twenty years in New York at Cooper Union, and was first exhibited at the same gallery two seasons ago. These are the jewel-toned, shimmering fantasies of a poet, whose private world of dream and folklore are lovingly implanted on canvas. A delicate, almost botanical line; a predilection for triangles, starlike intersections, feathers, flag balloons, gold and silver underpainting, sequins, "glitter"; a preoccupation with doll-like figures—all suggest the vivacity of childhood. But in the totem figures who populate the canvas there is a particularly adult humor, an objective approach in terms of personal and symbolic significance, as in *Testimony of an Irritated Melancholic*, where the artist himself, ridiculous worried, is totemized. Caught in webs or cocoons, or exuding their own auras, often dressed in playing cards, the totem figures, laughing or anxious, range in single dimension against backgrounds of pearly luminescence, as in *Ancestral Holiday*. Frequent images are an angular figure and a small anxious totem, fingers in mouth, who sits everywhere, and crouches, for example, crowned, on the crowned head of an equally anxious Nixomander in *The Quality of Kindness Belongs to Nixomander*. *A Never Creature Hungry for Plenty* and *The Snarl of Love Made Five* are other enchanting titles to a collection of most enjoyable paintings. (Gallery 75, Oct. 14-Nov. 6.)—E.G.

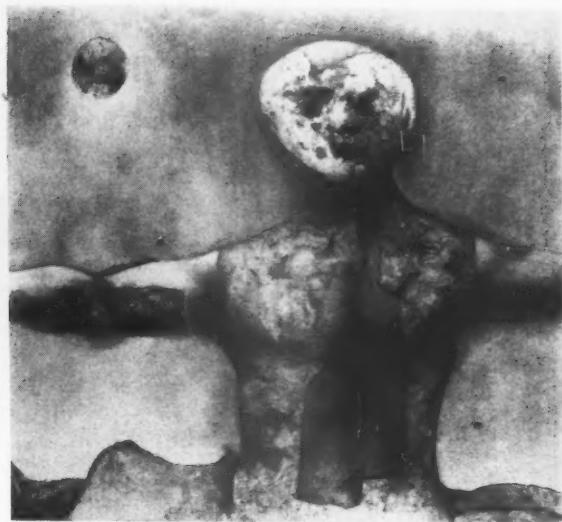
Ellsworth Kelly: A cryptographic concentration in form and color is Kelly's mode, deriving from the European school of Neo-Plasticism, in the purgative formal spirit of Arp, Mondrian and

Le Corbusier and rectilinear considered and a black and with an i art, though ch compares art, the screens and cryptic in oils on ward mass Sept. 23-Oct.

Hans Moller emerges a purified cal evolution degree a effervescent rectangular guises against blinding in a Sunday. Jubilation aging and most ever to this shew few of w vestigial Olliant and assertive. Seen and seen and every gesture and its chness and this is the grudges a elation and keeps Nov. 9.)—Gladys G this Balti canvases variety of pl and China Southwest The light the locale which con



Hans Moller, CHIAROSCURO; at Fine Arts Associates.



Elias Friedensohn, COLLAGE; at Hewitt Gallery.

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Le Corbusier. Last year Kelly's work was regular and rectangular; this group introduces well-considered parabolic curves, like *Atlantic* in black and white; *Trico* in red, white and blue; and a black and white painting in five parts with an interval of space between each canvas that unites shadowy abstract images in time, as though changed by the sun. Since his research compares with the best of European graphic art, the U. S. should be giving him posters, screens and walls on which to apply pure colors and cryptography. What is demonstrated here, in oils on canvas, is a talent that is oriented toward mass production in other media. (Parsons, Sept. 23-Oct. 12.)—S.B.

Hans Moller: Always an admirable artist, Moller emerges, as though a curtain had opened, in a purified, nonobjective phase. It seems a logical evolution, and yet, it releases to a greater degree a temperament that is at once cerebral and effervescent. The star of this show is the rectangular brush stroke in a thousand different guises, but always a definite entity, running a gamut of hues and textures: playing red against black or a *Chiaroscuro* of grays; or falling in a rain of greens, whites and reds (*Easter Sunday*). The chief note is one of confidence and jubilation; even the dark *Nocturnes* are encouraging and warm with a furnace glow; and almost every canvas has windows of light. Prior to this show, Moller's forms were those of shadow shapes and cutouts, involved in collage (a few of which are included), and there were vestigial Cubist concepts. His colors were brilliant and subtle as they are here, but hardly so assertive. This is at once the Moller we have seen and a new man, a Heifetz running the scales not as an exercise but as an essence, for every gesture counts as to its weight, its wash and its chroma. Knowledge without pretentiousness and virtuosity without sham—in the arts, this is the kind of mastery that the world begrudges a man. Moller is working in a spirit of elation and control that reaches a high plateau and keeps it consistently. (Fine Arts, Oct. 15-Nov. 9.)—S.B.

Gladys Goldstein: In her first New York show this Baltimore artist offers a series of large canvases which record her impressions of a variety of places from lower New York's Wall Street and Chinatown to the Indian reservations of the Southwest and the walls of the Grand Canyon. The light and color and characteristic forms of the locale are reshuffled into abstract patterns which convey the essence of a scene without de-

pending on direct visual reference, although the architecture is sometimes included as a framework. Her canvases are complex and at times cluttered, but her ability to sense and convey the prevailing spirit of a particular place or region deserves special recognition. (Doveen-Graham, Sept. 24-Oct. 12.)—M.S.

Karel Appel: The development in Appel's art is twofold: portraits, shown for the first time in New York, including one, satyr-like and intrepid, of Michel Tapié; and a marked increase in the complexity of means, by-products of the effort to include more Being than description. The imagery is still figures and animals and, occasionally, flowers; and a penchant for facial expressions continues in such canvases as *Portrait of a Farmer*. (The strokes are to all appearances rampant—and yet the expression has the maximum content of alarm.) There is no expression that is not intensified. Yet in his balancing on the edge of tears, Appel is growing to include degrees approaching the emotion too, as he works in this evolutionary-declarative painting process. He carries the powerful primary colors (as laid down by his countrymen of De Stijl) through a powerful centrifuge of imagination, making images of fantasy and story. He deepens his research (compare the savagery of *The Cat* in this show with an earlier version). And he comes closer to the penultimate goal of Expressionism (in *Woman with Horse*, for example): the penetration to the very moment of mythopoetic ecstasy. (Martha Jackson, Oct. 1-26.)—S.B.

Elias Friedensohn: Now in Rome on a Fulbright, Friedensohn is having his second one-man show; his first appeared last year. Biblical or mythical themes executed in terms of realism verging on Surrealism are typical of most canvases; yet, despite the Picasso-ponderous shaven heads (classic and distorted at once), there is evidence here of experimentation and growth. A decided line and an educated approach to spatial problems have not inhibited a recent tendency to diffuse outlines, to employ impasto, to allow the subject to burst in emotional impact from the confines of the painting. The wings, for example, of his gigantic *Icarus*, aflame and bloody, drip, melting over the drab city beneath him and the bulbous-headed cautious creatures who watch from their area of safety. An extremely interesting smaller oil, *Prometheus*, a myopic interpretation of *pointillisme* (a hail of large impasto buds applied with the knife), produces a gaseous-gray and pale-coral background,

from which Prometheus, gas or light himself, unspins, fire uplifted in his palms. Other paintings include a surprising small canvas of a sinister white cat, a scarlet bird crushed in its jaws; an *Eve*, classically gross, à la Picasso, appearing from a sienna mist, childlike and forlorn, humbly, almost fearfully offering a small, rather unconscious apple; *Daedalus*, a crouched, miserable figure, the face all but lost in a rain of blinding light upon the head and shoulders. (Hewitt, Oct. 2-Nov. 1.)—E.G.

Memorial to Joe Gould: The venerable Bohemian who owns the gallery, Lawrence Woodman, is showing some water paintings which he did on Braille paper salvaged from an ashcan. Among the fourteen hundred which he completed within six weeks are some abstract "previsions" of the death of Joe Gould, the renowned Village literary character, whose unpublished Oral History of Our Times became an international legend. The "Memorial to Joe Gould," as the exhibition is called, is a friend's tribute—absolutely unedited, like Gould's alleged history, but perhaps a little more of a reality. The imagery refers to figures and funerals, stems from spontaneous inspiration and is pegged by titles from obscure Latin translations. The medium is interesting: through the puddles of color flash glints of white, the Braille relief, like stars. (Adam-Ahab, Oct. 1-31.)—S.B.

Herbert Gilbert and Murray Tinkelman: Oils and oil collages by the former have their virtue in the strength of the rounded, ovoid forms and the slashes of rich color. For this viewer the two outstanding works were *Growth*, with its interplay of brown and cream surfaces against an underpainting of azure blue, and *Procession*, with its vaguely figurative elements struck in with whites, siennas and purplish grays. Tinkelman, who shows oils and gouaches, has a number of successes, developing from an idiom of landscape forms and rich, deep, earthy colors. His two gouaches, *First Vision* and *Earth Sky Vision*, have about them a kind of simplicity and tautness in their forms and placement of color which one would like to see in his larger and somewhat loosely structured oils. But even in that area, particularly with his *Landscape* in deep blues, greens and umbers, he is able to bring off a number of successes. (Panoras, Oct. 7-19.)—J.R.M.

Music before Columbus: As though to satisfy a suppressed desire in the viewer of Pre-Columbian art, this gallery that has long specialized in that field invites him to *hear* the art of the

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Maya, Nazca of which either clans. He can with its two double flute terra-cotta vases, dogs a he can better sculpture. The people are *Ancient American* ville-Hicks. A commentary, endowments, rattles, bird generalized the gallery History—with Oct. 1-31.)—

Blanche Se later works in work from s most reward Rich and de best, firmly its contrapun atmospheric with its blo reds and m impressions, ness in struc works on vie

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Matta: Un version of pretentious more palatable for a flux the Surrealism a thing, which suggestive, ex example, iners, take to justice. The logical spec canvases ab actual. *Cer pointing up*

ARTS/OCTO

IN THE GALLERIES

Maya, Nazca, Aztec and other cultures—so much of which either makes music or represents musicians. He can even try out the Nazca Panpipe with its twelve-tone scale, as well as a Mexican double flute, conch shells, rasps and a dozen terra-cotta whistles in the form of birds, turkeys, dogs and warriors; and, in the handling, he can better realize the tactile nature of the sculpture. The lost sounds of a keen and vivid people are evoked in a *Prelude and Presto for Ancient American Instruments* by Peggy Glanville-Hicks. Her composition, which serves with commentary as a record-catalogue of the exhibition, endows each voice—the flute, the drums, rattles, bird whistles, owl cry, and others in a generalized "orchestra" from the collection of the gallery and from the Museum of Natural History—with a clarion resurrection. (Emmerich, Oct. 1-31.)—S.B.

Blanche Schmiedler: Her *Canyon* series, the later works in this exhibition of oils that covers work from several years, are the strongest and most rewarding examples of the artist's talent. Rich and dense in their color, they are, at their best, firmly organized. *Canyon, Evening II*, with its contrapuntal greens, its vigorously brushed atmospheric effects, and *Canyon, High Noon*, with its blocky, ragged forms in striking pinks, reds and magentas, both create forceful visual impressions, without the tendency toward looseness in structuring which mars some of the other works on view. (Feigl, Oct. 2-16.)—J.R.M.

Umana and Citron: Working in the lighter media (among them the techniques of gold point and silver point, which require sensitized paper and permanently record every contact), Umana does light figure studies and still lifes. His mode, Cubist abstraction, is familiar, but his lines show discretion. Several works, among them *Fish and Fruit* and *Bottles and Pears*, are vivid by a process of witty reduction.

Minna Citron, in oils, is showing many of the paintings that accompanied her recent tour of Latin America and Paris. The works themselves are peripatetic, insofar as they run a gamut in nonfigurative essays, even including one collage of newspaper and black and yellow called *The Measure of Fate*. (The paintings tend to be as facile as the titles.) What Citron has is a decided temperament (well expressed in *Nel Esordio*, a gouache) which given a fully unself-conscious immersion in a medium can come up with some superior splash. (Delacorte, Sept. 28-Oct. 14.)—S.B.

Norman Bluhm: Each of Bluhm's mural-scale canvases is a continuum; each might be extended infinitely in any direction without disruption of the basic pattern of short, softly brushed, overlapping strokes. The paint, usually one color, dominant and engulfing, is applied with admirable freedom and control in such a way that there is a continuous ebb from fullest saturation to most delicate transparency—a phenomenon which gives the canvas its flickering light and provides a monotonous surface motion. Touches of underpainting shimmer through, lending animating notes of color, or a band of another color encroaches on the monochromatic field from the periphery. In the newest canvases, the brush strokes are varied; they become longer and more sweeping, and cyclical paths of direction are established, indicating a growing concern with cumulative motion and energy within the "space fragment" concept. (Castelli, Oct. 1-31.)—M.S.

Matta: Unlike the Museum of Modern Art's version of Matta, which emphasizes his most pretentious works, this selection puts him in a more palatable perspective—if one is fascinated by a flux that pretty much repeats itself between Surrealism and science fiction. There are drawings, which are rather fascinatingly organic and suggestive, describing the *Efficiency* theme for example, in which beings, like mechanized workers, take tools to eggs; and his comments on justice. These are varying angles upon morphological specimens in a courtroom. And there are canvases about the earth which are much more actual. *Cercle du Blé* celebrates its fecundity, pointing up the depths of insect life in shimer-

ming Latin colors like the heart of a melon. This and his homage to the semitropical intensity of Provence seem to be far more native expressions than the egg and other iconographic efforts. (Moskin, Sept. 28-Oct. 31.)—S.B.

Hedge and Cousins: Let one think there is nothing new in collage, Hedge is here to show how discarded cardboard cartons, insulating material and metal foil can be transubstantiated. Though the works are pieced, the pasting is concealed, particularly in later ones, which are thick in texture. Intricately put together, they are as large as three feet across; one, composed of cellulose packaging found in New Jersey, has a tarry terrain and indeed reflects the somber industrial landscape of its origin. These digested materials have an organic quality and are mysterious—as though they were gardens, growing.

Cousins' crisp sculpture complements the collages. His welded steel draws in space with a most ingratiating wit: a parade of small figures, all fantastical, of phoenixes, warriors, beasts and carapaces with hammered shields. Except that they are poised and still, their primitive fierceness is reminiscent of Bushman cave paintings, and another trait, their civilized elegance, derives from the sculptor's genuine sensuous delight in line formations. This is an art that marries the tiger with the salon, in a sense, and, taking all the risks of the liaison, must be careful not to be satisfied with charm. (Poindexter, Sept. 16-Oct. 5.)—S.B.

Sylvia Wald: Although this is expansive painting in terms of its size and its broad, patchy areas of paint, it has its particular delicacy. The paint is laid on in narrow, bristling strokes of often very beautiful color—the sunburst yellows and oranges of *Written in Sunlight*, the rich blues, purples and various reds of *In This Garden Is a Pond*—and the sense of airiness and of splintered light and shadow create their own admirable effects. The work, however, does not always escape the hazard of seeming overextended (in its size) for the effects which it promotes, though it always manages to bypass the worse danger, that of being merely decorative. (Grand Central Moderns, Oct. 7-19.)—J.R.M.

Judith Rothschild: Formerly an adherent of the strictest Neo-Plasticism, Judith Rothschild has recently based her painting more directly on a foundation in nature, namely landscape. While the discipline of a purist is still fundamental in her work, the arrangement of forms and colors has an evocative quality which cannot be interpreted in abstract terms alone, but which involves echoes of a response to the structures of the natural world and the sensations of their physical presence. There is a warmth to the color and a lyricism in the soaring arcs which break the vertical-horizontal grids, making the paintings fresh, pleasurable experiences in which the artist declares her independence of inherited forms and her serious intention of charting her own purposeful course of discovery. (Fried, Sept. 23-Oct. 19.)—M.S.

Felipe Orlando: This is a compelling art which aims to depict the non-material, in a mode which derives a little from Picasso, with the intricately broken curving space that marked his work in the middle thirties. Orlando is preoccupied with the symbolic content of the female figure, at her mirror or playing music; and with clocks, as though time runs out; and above all, with intensely green faces—bald-eyed, as though hypnotized. The landscape compositions are particularly graceful, celebrating the place, always with curving, tender contours and marked by Moorish and Spanish forms. Sometimes the effort to suggest the supernatural freezes the composition unduly; but when it is subtle, like the presence of grace, the effect intrigues: in *Man Shaving*, transforming an act habitual and mundane into a statement about mortality. (De Aenlle, Sept. 30-Oct. 19.)—S.B.

Amino: More refreshed even than his accomplished wood carvings are Amino's new works in plastic. He includes no Plexiglas, as in recent years, but a new material: a polyvinyl-acetate

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IN THE GALLERIES

emulsion which can be mixed with cement or sand, worked in a creamy state, and becomes permanently hard without the need of a catalyst or heat. It is one thing to develop a new medium, and quite another to exploit it brilliantly. Amino has done the latter—but at the same time pointing the way to the potentials of the medium for others—potentials perhaps to be exploited in conjunction with architecture. His constructions in the plastic emulsion are intricate; and, totem-influenced, they are dynamically personified. Some, as *Metropolis*, incorporate colored acetates in windowed areas. *Signal Tower* is a semaphore, with integral color, black, green and red. And all the new works in this hard material have a witty façade uniting their labyrinthine complexity. (Sculpture Center, Sept. 30-Oct. 25)—S.B.

Mathieu: Mathieu's paintings still operate on two levels, the thinly washed surface of the picture plane and the bas-relief created by his spouting paint tubes and airy gestures with the brush, but there is a distinct attempt to co-ordinate the two and to introduce a more complex spatial effect by varying the background color and introducing transparencies to open up the once-opaque wall. Whatever one thinks of the theatricality of his performance, one's admiration is compelled by the bravado with which he assails each canvas, knowing that no correction or alteration is possible once the arm has moved, as in the thrust and parry of a duel where every move is crucial. His work has often been compared to that of the calligrapher (and his interest in the sign and symbol is of long standing), but the function of the latter is communication, while Mathieu's concern is with display. (Kootz, Oct. 1-19)—M.S.

Martin Janto: The subjects, which are sometimes expressed in Czech words as titles, emerge through intricately detailed black lines, and the field in which these city gridirons or unicorns or monsters play is a somber one, built up in glazes: ochers, siennas and olive greens. The black unicorn (*Hrohaty*), particularly, is strong, asserting its nervous skeleton, openly revealed. *Cityscapes* (Nos. 1, 2 and 3) are a series of compelling studies in the same idiom. In spite of complex detail, a decided total form projects itself with a sober power of persuasion. There are talismans of considerable maturity in Janto's first one-man show in New York. (Artists', Sept. 28-Oct. 18)—S.B.

The Animal Image: The prevalence and importance of the animal image in African and Pre-Columbian sculpture are stressed in this diversified exhibition, although no attempt is made to correlate the material in terms of the significance of the animals to the varying cultures or to emphasize recurrent themes. Most striking is the variety in treatment, from the naturalistic Colima dog-urns to the stylized antelope heads sacred to the Bambara tribe and the very abstract feathered serpent on a Zapotec incense burner. The animal may take the utilitarian form of a jug or a whistle, a carved headdress or a decorative design on a bowl or feather mantle, or it may be a mysterious small stone carving, perhaps once a fetish or an amulet whose ritualistic significance is lost to us, but which still seems to be endowed with the spirit of a special interpretation of animals and their attributes which we can only know secondhand. (Furman, Oct. 1-15)—M.S.

Bruno Barborini: Flayed are the fantasies of Barborini: figures loosely strung against muted backgrounds; trees and rocks locked in their own webs; faces with multiple features and empty sockets. He works in a distinctive medium (a plasterly-white mixture embedded in fly screens) which softens the shock of the concepts. An Italian-born artist who now works in Mexico, Barborini reveals, in his first one-man show in New York, a serious albeit extremely ingrown expression—as though more is withheld than is now realized. (De Aenile, Sept. 9-28)—S.B.

Skaling: Making a careful distinction between "drawings on canvas" (in oil) and "oil on can-



John Button, LANDSCAPE WITH REEDS; at De Nagy Gallery.

vas," Skaling expounds on the ingredients of ghost stories and of mythology. Whether drawing in black lines or building large geometric areas with a palette knife and utilizing no black, the approach is basically conscious and rule-bound. Some of the "hants" are very cheerful, but *Narcissus* and *Prometheus* call for more depth (or more incisive whimsy). On the whole there is much surface manipulation and a need for comprehensive grasp in structure. (Rub White, Oct. 8-26)—S.B.

John Button: Button's realism is licensed by his freshness. When the feeling is strong, as it is for New York street scenes, for Lower East Side architecture with brick-reds turning magenta in a violet light, it compensates for weakness in his craft. In canvases of large figures in interior (such as *Alvin Novak*), the stiffness in drawing and conception interferes, although there is an engaging softness—an ingenuous sensuousness in the painter's touch. (De Nagy, Oct. 1-19)—S.B.

Veda Reed: In twelve large oils by this young Memphis painter, shacks and apartment buildings are smudged in twilight, or surfeit of light, reduced not to their essence, but to a smudge of sensation. Colors—wheat streaming against sky blue, for example—are pleasing, as in *Landscape with House*, No. 1, and in *Yellow Landscape*, where in a radiance of yellows, pink and blue saplings with orange and yellow lollipop leaves sentinel a light-drunk house. But, as a whole, the paintings are too relaxed; one demands more tension from them, more control. (Morris, Oct. 1-19)—E.G.

Early-Nineteenth-Century French Painting: Ranging from the Neo-Classicism of Ingres to the Realism of Courbet, this selection of six painters features a number of works that are being shown here for the first time. Among the more impressive works, Corot's silvery *Meadow near Etampes* and Courbet's *Ornans and the Loue Valley*, with its beautifully fresh painting of an outcropping of rock silhouetted against the sky, produce the most pleasurable moments. Delacroix, Monticelli and Ingres are well represented, although the latter's large *Charles V Entering Paris* is somewhat marred, for the viewer, by its taste for historicity. The single Daumier work, *The Reader*, is a fine study in simplicity. (Rosenberg, Sept. 23-Oct. 12)—J.R.M.

Umberto Romano: Working in a unique combination of oil, tempera and encaustic, Romano re-creates a history of civilization according to

his own high series of relatives, enables him private to the wishes to co Roman civil of Oriental of a twentieth from the past his darkly luminous and relations themselves, own associations set down Oct. 14)—M.

German Expressionism: current season, the galleries make a fine selection and sculpture with that of Kirchner with *Black Figure* and of Nolde, Heckel, Pechstein, Jawlensky and other media, including graphics. This is a minor movement with beautiful Sept. 30-Oct. 14).

Robert Dunn: disciplined school, his first showing, is encrusted, dimmed back to balance a white, the lyrical, and are rendered in style. Color with black ink, silk, is fresh, the light being not confuse nor the cones 7-19)—E.G.

John Copeland: violet steep total impression graphs is of there is a good resolution, a transition in violet forms. It suggests terms of graying to admit.

William Baile: like forms, a cent of Gray more frivoly and mytholo Nov. 2)—E.C.

Louis Hillaire: tries sizes of shapes—heavily decorative. **Hain Menzel:** fishermen, or the Seine are prettier than a scene at the Seine. **Dominique Donzelot:** in character of *Ublina*: The Spanish art necked men through Narciso. **Here is a young and for color his landscapes that is immo Sept. 3-16). **ings and aqua****

his own highly subjective interpretation in a series of related canvases. His unusual medium enables him to achieve timeworn effects appropriate to the sense of age and agelessness he wishes to convey, so that his "Fragments"—of Roman civilization, of Pompeii, of a cathedral, of Oriental civilization—are at once the product of a twentieth-century viewpoint and specters from the past. Within the tenebrous layers of his darkly luminous paintings are implied forms and relationships which never actually assert themselves, leaving the viewer to establish his own associations from the distillation of sensations set down by the artist. (Heller, Sept. 24-Oct. 14.)—M.S.

German Expressionism: In keeping with the current season's interest in German Expressionism, the gallery has assembled an exceptionally fine selection of paintings, drawings, graphics and sculpture by the leading figures associated with that mode of vision. One thinks particularly of Kirchner's watercolor drawing, *Woman with Black Hat* (1909), its vigorous swipes of the brush describing the stark hauteur of the pose, and of Nolde's several mordant little figure studies. Heckel, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, Rohlfs and Jawlensky are all well represented in various media, including some fine drawings and lithographs. The sculptor Karsch's small *Seated Nude* is a minor masterpiece of awkwardness explored with beautiful feeling and restraint. (Borgenicht, Sept. 30-Oct. 26.)—J.R.M.

Robert Dunn: With virtuosity of line and a disciplined sense of order, this young painter, in his first show of twenty oils, gouaches and drawings, is energetic and refreshing, if somewhat derivative. *The Bathers* and *Awakening Forms*, dimmed bare figures segmenting in excellent balance a white-pink or blue-white canvas, evoke the lyrical, almost melancholy sense of becoming, and are reminiscent of Munch in tone if not in style. *Crustacea*, predominantly blue, sewn with black branched lines like those on batiked silk, is fresh, cohesive. Subjects often are dark, the light behind them, but their obscurity does not confuse the line, which is always accurate, nor the consistent gracefulness. (Collectors', Oct. 7-19.)—E.G.

John Coplans: Brilliances of vermillion and violet seep through constraining blacks, and the total impression of these serigraphs and lithographs is of an interesting temperament. While there is a good deal more formal "energy" than resolution, a prominent exception is a composition in violet, black and aquamarine with a trio of forms. It suggests that the printmaker thinks in terms of graphic wit, much more than he is willing to admit. (Wittenborn, Sept. 30-Oct. 12.)—S.B.

William Baumol: Circus-gaudy colors, spike-like forms, and a cartoon-sharp line are reminiscent of Graham Sutherland, though generally more frivolous, despite the addiction to Biblical and mythological subjects. (Collectors', Oct. 21-Nov. 2.)—E.G.

Louis Hill: Taking his palette knife to eccentric sizes of board, Hill makes summer landscapes—heavy in greens and yellows, but having a decorative verve. (Petite, Oct. 21-Nov. 2.)

Haim Mendelson: Sensitive ink drawings of fishermen, of Dutch windmills and bridges over the Seine are evocative of their locale—more directly than are the watercolors, which were also done at the scene. (Caravan, Sept. 8-28.)

Seena Donneson: Working in a conventional idiom of representation in broken colors, Miss Donneson, in *Matriarch*, reveals some powers of character observation. (Chase, Oct. 7-19.)

Ubina: The still, austere formality of some Spanish art is adapted into a formula of arch-necked men and women with vacuous eyes—as though Narcissus had frozen his reflection in the pond. (Little Studio, Oct. 1-15.)

Kontny: He is a young German with a flair for women and for colors that would impress a *couturier*; his landscape drawings, too, aim for the effect that is immediate and striking. (Little Studio, Sept. 3-16.)

John Coleman: In large etchings and aquatints Coleman studies figures danc-

ing or in the park, and deeply bitten faces, capturing a sense of alienation which is at times keen and sharp in an otherwise murky ensemble. (Wittenborn, Sept. 16-30.)

Robert White: Working in plaster, this young sculptor who studied in Rome takes his impulse from Rodin and the classical tradition; he has obviously had tutoring, but the strained attitudes of some of the figures and the pits on the modeled surface vitiate his sublime intentions. (Davis, Oct. 4-26.)

Arlie Sinaiko: Once it grows beyond an awkward representational phase, with abrupt angles and exaggerated curves, the work becomes more pleasing and original—particularly in the two wood carvings. *Something Cosmic* and *Sea Spirit*. (Bodley, Oct. 7-19.)

Zita Querido: To take some of the subject matter of Balthus and some of the palette of Hofmann, leaving it all more or less unfinished, is this painter's unlikely inclination. (Bodley, Oct. 14-26.)

Weithas: Although they were not executed for that purpose, most of the drawings and watercolors suggest stage sets and costume designs, with slight accent on the eighteenth century. (Bodley, Oct. 1-12.)

Wrobel: The sentimental watercolor of Paris landmarks (dozens of them, from the Moulin Rouge to the Place de la Concorde) is given a spiky dynamism by this Beaux-Arts graduate, whose particular forte is to make the scene damp and rainy, heightening the nostalgia. (Comerford, Oct. 1-31.)

Vogel and Cox: Abbe Rose Cox is accomplished and fancy in her watercolors of wild flowers, and Alice Vogel's flowers and landscapes are simple and expressive of her feelings. (Burr, Oct. 13-26.)

Charles Blum: Casting a cool eye on Mexican festival images—crosses, masks, with children's eyes peeping through—Blum paints flatly on Masonite with a penchant for *trompe-l'oeil* and eerie symbolism. (Petite, Oct. 7-19.)

Kasparian: Among a series of active surfaces, of colors strong and somber with drips tending toward leafy patterns, one canvas seems to have design coherence. (Crespi, Sept. 30-Oct. 13.)

James Goldsworthy: Working in rather tight and undecided nonobjective modes, this pupil of Fritz Winter's is searching for his own direction. (Crespi, Sept. 30-Oct. 13.)

Walter White: Having an innate sense of clashing colors, this painter constructs lively abstractions in oils and a quieter landscape through a window, with an emphasis on patterns. (Crespi, Oct. 14-27.)—S.B.

Steven Burr: References to archaic forms are combined with the most modern welded-sculpture techniques in molten-surfaced animals, a bison, an elk, a bull, taut and straining in action; there is a higher degree of polish to the sculptures in this first one-man show than to the more impetuous, vigorously painted oils of craggy, somber landscapes. (Gallerv G, Oct. 1-25.)

Orville Bulman: Although Mr. Bulman is a busy business executive, there is nothing of the amateur in his skillful, whimsical paintings of Haitian scenes; elegance and sophistication are joined with fantasy and a truly ingenious sense of design to produce canvases graced with ebullient wit and charm. (Grand Central, Oct. 15-26.)

Robinson Mackee: The over-exploited collage has come full circle back to the "pigmentage," the name which the artist has given to his method of affixing shriveled skins of paint (such as form on the top of an open paint can), mixtures of pigment and sand, and stenciled grids to the thinly painted canvas surface where they are incorporated into abstract designs bearing vague reference to organic life. (Chase, Oct. 21-Nov. 2.)

Rose Schaffer: Low-keyed paintings in oil and casein deal straightforwardly and with occasional poignancy with a variety of subjects from tramps and beggars to children at play, as well as landscapes and still life; however, it is in the medium of woodcut that the artist displays her strongest powers of invention, particularly in the fresh and original prints *Swimming Hole* and *A Run through the Woods*. (Barzansky, Oct. 21-Nov. 2.)

Hans Erni: One of Switzerland's most sober realists when it comes to social themes, Erni also enjoys a frivolous improvisation on the classical, and it is from the lighter side of his art that most of

continued on page 64

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STUDIO TALK

BY BERNARD CHAET

The Problems of the Final Varnish:

Interview with Andrew Petry

SHOULD all paintings be varnished? Is there one resin best for all paintings? These are the type of questions which prompted an interview with Andrew Petry, conservator of paintings at the Yale Gallery. The answers were complex at best, for there are no procedures or materials which are correct for all paintings. Mr. Petry was in the process of coating a painting which he later used to demonstrate some of the optical problems involved.

First, however, Mr. Petry condemned the use of varnish as a panacea: "Never rely on the application of varnish to hold the picture together visually, for its effect may not be lasting. I seriously doubt that all the old masters varnished their paintings to achieve the desired completed effect. For example, Tintoretto or Tiepolo did so many paintings that it is hard to imagine that the final effect relied solely on the varnish. The painting medium of these masters was probably rich enough to make varnishing unnecessary." The actual binding media used by the old masters are not fully known, Mr. Petry explained; the proportion of resin to oil or the type of oil used as a medium cannot be determined with certainty. Moreover, to try to duplicate the present surface of an old painting as a key to past techniques was termed impractical—for oxidation is constantly going on. Therefore the appearance of oil painting is always changing.

Despite these facts and opinions, Mr. Petry did list three reasons for varnishing paintings: First, a varnish offers a limited protection from moisture and temperature change. Second, dirt will remain on the surface of the varnish rather

Partial removal of old surface coatings from PORTRAIT OF A LADY HOLDING A RABBIT, attributed to Piero di Cosimo; courtesy Yale University Art Gallery.



than on the painting. Third, the original optical character is, within limits, restored to old surfaces. Ideally a varnish should be easily removed without damage to the painting. And good craftsmanship must be taken for granted, for poor application of quality material can obviously do harm to a painted surface. Therefore each resin, natural or synthetic, must be experimented with, for the formulas, we found, were endless, and no one varnish or surface coating can be used for every painting.

Before listing the actual resins employed, Mr. Petrynn displayed a recently varnished egg-tempura panel. "The key to varnishing is the painter's optical intention. In this painting the quality of the medium, as well as the optical intent, would be violated if a glossy surface were applied—for the medium's inherent beauty would be destroyed. In oil," he continued, "varnishing is more difficult because a variety of optical effects is possible—ranging from semi-mat to very shiny. The conservator is therefore responsible for making the decision about the optical intention of the painter. Naturally, for the living painter, the problem is different. Instead it is the knowledge of available materials which can create the desired effect."

We returned to the materials, beginning with the natural resins, dammar and mastic. Dr. Robert L. Feller, Fellow of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, who has been carrying out exhaustive tests on all types of varnishes, reported in 1951 that "tests under ultraviolet light indicate that the natural resins yellow to begin with, tend to increase in yellowness with age." Comparing the natural resins, dammar and mastic, to poly(vinylacetate) and poly(butylmethacrylate), Dr. Feller added that "these particular synthetics are clear and are highly resistant to yellowing." Yet these plastics are not without problems, for Dr. Feller has recently warned of the possibility of certain plastics "losing their solubility under the action of intense heat and light." But he added, "This particular problem does not appear to be unsolvable."

Mr. Petrynn credited Rutherford J. Gettens and George L. Stout* as being among the first to experiment with plastics for final varnishes. The most widely used plastics, poly(normal-butylmethacrylate) [Rohm and Haas], poly(isobutylmethacrylate) [Du Pont] and poly(vinylacetate) [Union Carbide, Bakelite Division], make many surface effects possible. Various degrees of mattness and glossiness can be produced with different solvents. And this is where experimentation is necessary, for in Mr. Petrynn's words, the conservator or artist must "tailor-make" the optical effect. He was therefore somewhat reluctant to give definite formulas. But he did mention certain solvents for the synthetic resins; xylene, petroleum thinners and acetone are employed for poly(butylmethacrylate), and ethyl alcohol and toluene for poly(vinylacetate). The solvent usually comprises at least 60 to 70% of the varnish. These synthetics may be employed in combination, that is, one can be sprayed on top of another (after the lower coat is thoroughly dry). Both may be either brushed or sprayed. For spraying, a spray gun which gives a steady, even pressure and has a fine nozzle is necessary.

Mr. Petrynn severely warned that the solvents may be toxic. "They should be used with a maximum of ventilation. Needless to add, avoid smoking."

There are plastic varnishes specially formulated for artists' use. They include "Synvar" and "Univar" [F. Weber Co.], "Rembrandt Picture Varnish" [Talens and Sons], and "Magna Picture Varnish" [Bocour]. Mr. Petrynn suggested that the artist using these products write to the manufacturer for complete information and instructions. For general problems he suggested contacting the conservation department of a museum. He felt that conservators generally will be happy to try to help painters. In this regard a quote from Dr. Feller: "I look upon my job, not to recommend any particular varnish or resin, but to describe the various types. The more we seek to measure and describe their properties, the better the artist will be able to make a selection to suit his own needs."

In summary, the painter who employs a varnish should be aware of its optical effect. No one varnish can meet every need. The new plastics demand individual experimentation. Consult the company that makes the product.

*Authors of *Painting Materials, A Short Encyclopedia* (D. Vanstrand Co., New York, 1942).

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IN THE GALLERIES

continued from page 61

these lithographs and posters stem. The exhibition also celebrates the appearance of a singularly handsome edition of the *Odyssey* illustrated with Erni's original lithographs on which he has brought to bear the best of his remarkable skill and imagination. (Wittenborn, Oct. 28-Nov. 2)

Liuboslav Hutsaliuk: Too great a facility and a strong inclination toward the decorative give the work of this young painter a slick appearance which is not too late for an artist of his obvious ability and perception to correct. His cityscapes, mostly Parisian, are laid out in blocks of color with the finishing details and final unity supplied by spirited overdrawing which yields bright and accomplished canvases like many inviting facades. (Boissave, Oct. 1-3)

Hossein Behzad: The preparation of these fifty illustrations for the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam consumed eight years of painstaking labor on the part of Hossein Behzad, foremost living Persian miniaturists, assisted by two specialists, one for flowers, of which there is a profusion, the other for the minutely detailed borders. Exquisite workmanship and lavish imagination have not been spared in the creation of a veritable treasure; one only hopes that the splendor of these pages will be made available to a wider audience in published form. (Wildenstein, Oct. 1-12)

Jane Frank: Spreading over her paint with extravagant liberality, the artist emphasizes quantitative rather than qualitative coverage of the canvas in amorphous abstractions whose color tends generally to grays, greens and violets. (Kottler, Oct. 21-Nov. 2)

Fritz Scherf: Judging by the few watercolors which had arrived from Switzerland at the time of review, Scherf represents the Swiss counterpart of our Abstract Expressionism, tempered by a strong sense of order and a more scientific investigation of color; spontaneity plays a part in the brushing-on of his delicate tints, but it is subordinate to the rational scheme of the whole. (Wittenborn, Oct. 14-26)

Domanska, Hayo Kipp: Janina Domanska's loose and untutored painting reveals flashes of genuine feeling in her sensitivity to light and mood; verging on the primitive in their undaunted simplicity, the country interiors and boat builders of Stanley Hayes appear to constitute a world of their own thoroughly familiar to the artist, while the watercolors of Orval Kipp present landscape and still life as seen through the academic eye with a competent brush at its command. (Kottler, Oct. 21-Nov. 2)

Oliver Chaffee: The memorial exhibition of the paintings of Oliver Chaffee, who died in 1944, is interesting in that it reveals a painter eagerly receptive to the new developments in art, and shows the various influences which enter his work from 1928 to 1932, the most obvious being Picasso, Derain, African sculpture and Matisse. Yet he seems to have been an independent figure, placing his own stamp of vigor and directness and boldness of composition on whatever painting he undertook. (Bazansky, Sept. 23-Oct. 5)

Ford, Motzer, Giele: The flaming trumpets and giddily whirling forms of Lily Ford's *Jazz* are in sharp contrast with her subdued and placid still-life paintings; both Linda Giele and Francis Motzer are attracted by the supernatural and the fantastic, the former in a series of weird, enigmatic heads which seem to be endowed with mysterious powers, and the latter in lurid visions of composite beasts and birds. (Kottler, Oct. 7-19) —M.S.

LONDON continued from page 17

always existed in the finest painters). Let the fluid vibrancy remain, but threaded on a tautness. Terry Frost is now allowing definite, geometric images of spatial drawing to crystallize out of the saline Tachist waters—just as Bryan Wynter—another English painter of ever-increasing certainty and power—has found himself in the gentlest and subtlest regimentation of tachist marks which, in Wynter's case, take on the formal definiteness of Oriental signs; and are already found to be woven into a warp and weft that are horizontal and vertical. It is for the return of the horizontal and the vertical, those basic space-creating gestures in the pictorial language that I am anxious.

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BEYLER, Oct.-Nov.: Mod. Masters

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MUSEUM, to Oct. 19: Audubon Prints; Oct. 6-Nov. 2: D. Kennedy

BOSTON, MASS.

DOLL & RICHARDS, Oct. 1-19: N. Strelakovsky

MUSEUM, Oct. 1-31: Tessai

NEXUS, to Oct. 12: A. Hoener; Oct. 14-26: D. Worth

CHICAGO, ILL.

EXHIBIT "A," Oct. 6-31: A. Testa; D. Schweikert, E. Arnow

CINCINNATI, OHIO

MUSEUM, to Oct. 20: Toulouse-Lautrec prints; Oct. 4-Nov. 5: New Accessions; J. Lipchitz

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

FINE ARTS CTR., Oct. 15-Nov. 17: Portraiture; Oct. 22-Nov. 17: G. Bellows

DALLAS, TEXAS

MUSEUM, from Oct. 5: 16th & 17th C. Dutch; Toulouse-Lautrec

DATTON, OHIO

ART INST., Oct. 16-Nov. 17: Pre-Col.

DENVER, COLO.

MUSEUM, Sept. 30-Nov. 10: Harlequin & the Arts

DONDON, ENGL.

GIMPEL FILS, Cont. Brit.; 19th & 20th C. Fr.

HANOVER, Oct. 1-Nov. 1: V. Da Silva; A. Vacoubi

LE FEVRE, 19th & 20th C. Fr.; Cont. Brit.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

CTY. MUSEUM, to Oct. 20: J. Callot; Cont. Dutch; R. Henri

HATFIELD, Oct.: Mod. Fr. & Amer.

ESTHER ROBLES, Oct. 7-31: W. Barret; Gallery Grp.

STENDAHL, Oct. Pre-Col. & Mod.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

JUNIOR ART GALLERY, Sept. 16-Nov. 9: The Big City

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

INSTITUTE, to Oct. 13: L. Cranach

WALKER ART CTR., Oct. 7-27: Collector's Exhib.

NEWARK, N. J.

MUSEUM, to Oct. 6: Chinese Art Objects

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

PURDY-VIDITO, Oct. 6-27: H. Rabino-witz

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Museums

BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), from Sept. 24: Art School Alumni

GUGGENHEIM (7 E. 72), from Oct. 23: Mondrian

JEWISH (1109 5th at 92), to Oct. 13: A. Walinska

METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), Ptg. from Private Collections; Perussi Altarpiece; Rodin & Fr. Scpt. From Oct. 25: Amer. Ptg. & Scpt. Galleries

MODERN (11 W. 53), to Oct. 20: D. Smith; Matta; Oct. 1-Dec. 1: 20th C. German

PRIMITIVE ART (15 W. 54), New Acces-

NAT'L ACAD. (1083 5th), Oct. 17-Nov. 3: Allied Artists Annual

RIVERSIDE (310 Riverside Dr.), Oct. 6-27: B'klyn. Soc. of Artists

WHITNEY (22 W. 54), to Nov. 12: B. W. Tomlin; Oct. 4-Nov. 17: S. Davis

Galleries:

A.C.A. (63 E. 57), Sept. 30-Oct. 19: R. Gwathmey

ADAM-AHAB (72 Thompson, Tu. & Th. 12-2, 8-10), Oct.: Memorial Ptgs. to Joe Gould

ALAN (766 Mad. at 66), to Oct. 19: Y. Ohashi; Oct. 21-Nov. 9: "4 from the West"

ART STUDENTS LEAGUE (215 W. 57), Oct. 20-Nov. 9: B. Klonis

ARGENT (236 E. 60), to Oct. 12: Grp.; Oct. 13-26: Graphics

ARTISTS (851 Lex. at 64), to Oct. 17: M. Janto; Oct. 19-Nov. 7: J. Winter

ARTS (62 W. 56), to Oct. 7: Grp.; Oct. 8-18: Grp.; Oct. 18-28: Grp.

BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Oct. 1-31: 19th, 20th C. Amer.

BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), Oct. 1-19: M. Simpson; Oct. 22-Nov. 9: J. Leong

BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), to Oct. 5: O. Chaffee; Oct. 21-Nov. 5: R. Schaffer

BODLEY (223 E. 60), Oct. 7-19: A. Sinaiko; Oct. 21-Nov. 2: Y. Fain; Oct. 1-12: Weithos; Oct. 14-26: Querido

BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), to Oct. 26: German Expr.; Oct. 28-Nov. 16: M. Avery

BURR (108 W. 56), Oct. 13-26: A. Vogel; A. R. Cox; Oct. 27-Nov. 9: Gallery Grp. 2

CAMILO (92 E. 10), Oct. 4-24: Grp.; Oct. 25-Nov. 14: J. Krushnick

CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), Oct.: Cont. Eur. Ptg. & Scpt.

CASTELLI (4 E. 77), Oct. 1-31: N. Bluhm

CHASE (31 E. 64), Oct. 7-19: S. Donnison; Oct. 21-Nov. 2: R. Mackee

COLLECTORS' (49 W. 53), Oct. 7-19: R. Dunn; Oct. 21-Nov. 2: W. Baumol

COMERFORD (55 E. 55), Oct.: Wrobel

CONTEMPORARY ARTS (802 Lex. at 62), to Oct. 18: A. Stromsted; Oct. 14-Nov. 1: A. Lazansky

CRESPI (232 E. 58), to Oct. 13: L. Kasparian; Oct. 14-27: W. White; to Oct. 13: J. Goldsworthy

DE AENLE (59 W. 53), to Oct. 19: Orlando

D'ARCY (19 E. 76), Oct. 12-Nov. 2: Panorama of Primitive Art

DAVIS (231 E. 60), Oct. 4-26: R. White, scpt.

DEITSCH (51 E. 73), Oct. 1-26: Pisarro, prints, drwgs.

DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), to Oct. 14: Umana; M. Citron

DE NAGY (24 E. 67), Oct. 1-19: J. Button

DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), to Oct. 5: M. Siporin; Oct. 8-Nov. 2: 32nd Annual

DURLACHER (11 E. 57), Oct. 1-26: K. Vaughan

DUVEEN (18 E. 79), Oct.: Old Masters

DUVEEN-GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), to Oct. 12: G. Goldstein; Oct. 15-Nov. 2: A. Poor

EIGHTH ST. (33 W. 8), Oct. 1-12: W. Fisher Student Work; Oct. 14-26: Prizewinners

EMMERICH (18 E. 77), Oct. 1-31: Music before Columbus

FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), Oct. 2-16: B. Schmeidler

FINE ARTS ASSOC. (41 E. 57), to Oct. 12: D. Smith; Oct. 15-Nov. 9: H. Moller

FLEISCHMAN (227 E. 10), to Oct. 20: 4-Man Show; Oct. 22-Nov. 11: C. Gregory

FRIED (40 E. 68), to Oct. 19: J. Rothschild

FURMAN (17 E. 82), Oct. 1-Nov. 15:

Animal Image, Pre-Col. & Afr.

G. GALLERY (200 E. 59), Oct. 1-25: S. Burr

GALERIE BOISSEVAIN (31 E. 63), Oct. 1-31: L. Hutsaliuk

GALERIE CHALETTE (1100 Mad.), Oct. 7-Nov. 2: Manolo

GALLERY 75 (30 E. 75), to Oct. 12: Reuther; Oct. 14-Nov. 6: Delevante

J. GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Oct. 10-31: Amer. Drwgs. & W'cols

GRAND CENTRAL (15 Vanderbilt at 42), Oct. 15-26: O. Bulman; Oct. 22-Nov. 2: Maria Cantarella; to Nov. 8: Founders Exhib.

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), Oct. 7-19: S. Wald; Oct. 22-Nov. 9: L. Dodd

HANSA (210 Cent. Pk. So.), to Oct. 13: Scpt. Grp.

HARTER (22 E. 58), Amer. & Fr. Ptg.

HELLER (63 E. 57), to Oct. 15: U. Romano; Oct. 15-Nov. 2: F. Martin

HEWITT (29 E. 65), Oct. 2-Nov. 1: E. Friedensohn

HIRSCHL & ADLER (21 E. 67), Oct.: A. Blatas; 19th, 20th C. Amer. Fr.

JACKSON (32 E. 69), Oct. 1-26: K. Appel

JAMES (70 E. 12), to Oct. 17: Grp.; Oct. 18-Nov. 9: V. Schnell

JANIS (15 E. 57), to Oct. 31: Mondrian

JUSTER (154 E. 79), Oct. 8-26: L. Meyers; Oct. 29-Nov. 9: G. Vandenburg

KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), Oct. 1-31: Moholy-Nagy

KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Oct. 7-26: M. Callery

KOOTZ (1018 Mad. at 79), Oct. 1-19: Mathieu; Oct. 21-Nov. 9: Rec. Fr. Ptg.

KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Oct. 7-19: 3-Man; Oct. 21-Nov. 2: J. Frank; 3-Man

KRASNER (1061 Mad.), Oct.: Opening Grp.

KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), Oct. 14-Nov. 2: M. Zorach

LIBRARY OF PTGS. (28 E. 72), Oct.: New Acq.

LILLIPUT (231/2 Eliz. St. By App't.), Oct.: Ptg. on Braille, L. Woodman

LITTLE STUDIO (673 Mad.), Oct. 1-14: Ubina; Oct. 15-28: Cabaniss

MELTZER (38 W. 57), Oct. 1-31: Sale Northwest Amer. Indian Objects

MI CHOU (36 W. 56), to Oct. 19: Grp.; Oct. 21-Nov. 9: Chrysanthemum Ptgs., Flowers

MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), to Oct. 16: Art in Interiors

MILCH (21 E. 67 after Oct. 15), from Oct. 28: G. Gluckmann

MORRIS (1724 Waverly Pl.), Oct. 1-19: V. Reed; Oct. 25-Nov. 9: Open Grp.

MOSKIN (4 E. 88), to Oct. 31: Matta

NEW ART CTR. (1193 Lex. at 81), Oct.: German Expr.

NEW (601 Mad. at 57), to Oct. 26: Nolde

NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), 16th, 17th, 18th C. Ptgs.

PANORAS (62 W. 56), to Oct. 5: B. Ericson; Oct. 7-19: H. Gilbert, M. Tinkelman; Oct. 21-Nov. 2: H. Trifon

PARSONS (15 E. 57), to Oct. 12: E. Kelly; Oct. 14-Nov. 2: C. Coggeshall

PASSEDOIT (121 E. 57), Oct. 7-Nov. 2: S. Cusumano

PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), to Oct. 19: B. Dor; Oct. 21-Nov. 16: P. Gripe

PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), Oct. 14-Nov. 9: Archipenko

PETITE (129 W. 56), Oct. 7-19: C. Blum; Oct. 21-Nov. 2: L. Hill

PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Oct. 10-Grps.

POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), to Oct. 5: H. Cousins, G. Hedge; Oct. 7-31: L. Ellsworth

PETITE (129 W. 56), Oct. 7-19: C. Blum; Oct. 21-Nov. 2: L. Hill

REHN (683 5th at 54), Oct. 14-Nov. 9: F. Meyer

ROERIC (319 W. 107), Oct. 6-Nov. 10: S. Chambers

ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), to Oct. 14-Nov. 7: L. Polakov; Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Lewen

ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), to Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Early 19th C. Fr.

SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), to Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Picasso

SALPETER (42 E. 57), Oct. 7-26: Wilson

B. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), to Oct. 14-Nov. 7: W. Mitchell; Oct. 21-Nov. 9: Marsicano

SCHAFFER (983 Park at 83), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Masters

SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Mod. Fr.

SCULPTURE CTR. (167 E. 69), to Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Afr. Sculpt.

SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Afr. Sculpt.

SILBERMAN (1014 Mad. at 78), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Early 20th C. Ptg.

STABLE (924 7th at 58), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Early 20th C. Amer. Fr.

TERRAIN (20 W. 16), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Early 20th C. Amer. Fr.

THE CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: R. Prohaska

VILLAGE ART CTR. (39 Grove), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Afr. Sculpt.

VIVIANO (42 E. 57), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Beckmann

WALKER (117 E. 57), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Kuhn

WASH. IRVING (49 Irving Pl.), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Irving

WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Weyhe

WHITE (42 E. 57), Oct. 8-26: Skelling

WIDDIFIELD (818 Mad. at 68), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Mayan Scpt.; Oct. 14-Nov. 7: D. Smith

WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), to Oct. 14-Nov. 7: H. Behzad; Oct. 22-16: Amer. Vision, AFA Exhib.

WILLARD (23 W. 56), to Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Seliger; Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Edsel Amer. Scpt.

WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: J. Coplans; Oct. 14-Nov. 7: F. Scherf; Oct. 28-Nov. 2: H. Edsel Amer. Scpt.

WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), Oct. 14-Nov. 7: Expressionism, Feigen Collection

ZABRISKIE (32 E. 65), to Oct. 26: Friedman

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ACADEMY, Oct. 12-Nov. 17: W. Club Members

ART ALLIANCE, Oct. 4-20: V. B. Oct. 24-Nov. 17: S. Bass

PHOENIX, ARIZ.

ART CTR., Oct.: Da Vinci's Genius

PITTSBURGH, PA.

CARNEGIE, to Nov. 17: Piranesi Prints

PRINTS, Oct. 13-Nov. 10: A. Golomb

PORTLAND, ORE.

MUSEUM, to Oct. 13: Cost. Prints

G. Johanson; Oct. 19-Nov. 13: Ore. Artists

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

MUSEUM, R. I. SCHL. OF DESIGN, Oct. 20: Picasso, prints & drawings

ROSWELL, N. M.

MUSEUM, Oct.: B. Wiggins; Pre-Columbian Negro Scpt.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MUSEUM, to Oct. 22: Monet

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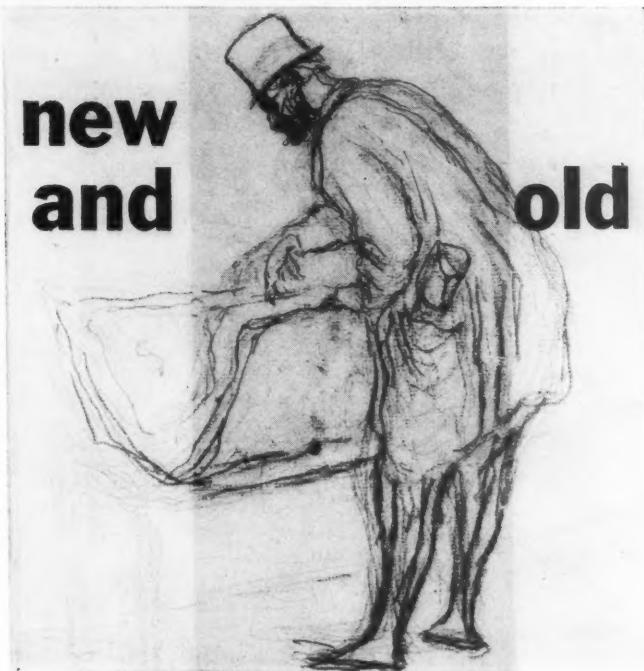
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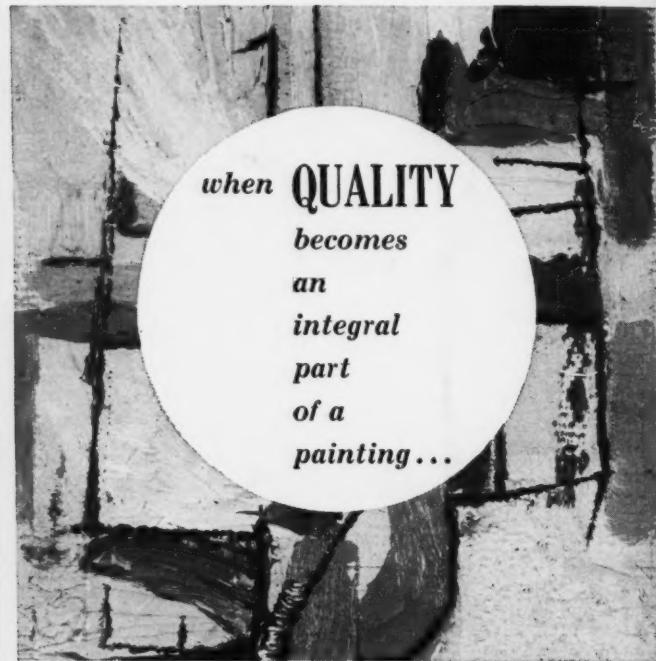
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Shiva Red Scarlet
Shiva Red Crimson
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Shiva Red Maroon
Alizarin Crimson
Rose Madder
Rose Red
Shiva Violet Light
Shiva Violet Deep
Manganese Violet
Cobalt Violet Light
Cobalt Blue
Ultramarine Blue II Deep
Ultramarine Blue I Light
Coeruleum-Blue
Manganese Blue
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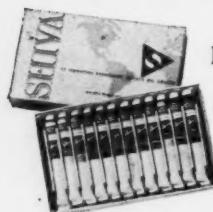


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